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Lyman C. Draper Esq.

My dear Sir.

I take pleasure in sending you one of my few remaining copies of my father's Autobiography, through I fear that you will find but little to help you in your article on Daniel Boone.

The volume you were kind enough to send me has arrived

Brookline Mass.

Feb. 3. 1883.

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Feb. 3. 1883.

MY EGOTISTIGRAPHY.

BY

CHESTER HARDING.

PREPARED FOR HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS,
BY ONE OF HIS CHILDREN.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.
1866.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

A YEAR before my father's death, he placed what he had finished of his "Egotistigraphy," as he playfully called it, in my hands, to arrange and copy. He also intrusted to my taste and judgment the selections to be made from the diary he kept during his first visit to England. He subsequently added a few particulars concerning his later life; but they are in so disconnected a form, that I have been obliged to weave them together as best I could, supplying the deficiencies as far as possible from letters, of which but few have been preserved.

I wish the task of selection and arrangement had fallen into more competent hands; but it seemed too sacred a trust to delegate to another,

and I know that I may rely upon the partiality of those for whom it has been prepared, to overlook whatever defects they may find in the manner in which that trust has been fulfilled.

M. E. W.

KEENE, N.H., June 1, 1866.

I HAVE often been importuned by my children and numerous friends to write a history of my life, which, perhaps, has been more varied and eventful than common. This I have endeavored to do; and, if the perusal of this imperfect sketch shall give them pleasure, I shall be amply repaid for the labor the work has cost me.

I trust that some of my young readers may find encouragement in the difficulties I have overcome, and the success which has followed my perseverance.

JUNE, 1865.

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MY EGOTISTIGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

OF my ancestors I know nothing beyond my grandparents. My paternal grandfather was a substantial farmer in Deerfield, Mass. He lived in a two-story house, which to my youthful imagination was a palace; filled many offices of profit and trust in the town, lived to a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers with the universal respect of his neighbors.

On the maternal side, I can go no further back. My grandfather Smith was a farmer, who lived to a ripe old age, and died much respected. For many years he held the office of deacon, in the town of Whately, where he resided. I was born in the adjoining town of Conway, on the 1st of September, 1792.

My parents were poor; and, of course, I was brought up like all other poor children of that period. My first recollection is of our moving

from Conway to Hatfield. I well remember the brook that ran close by the house we lived in there, and the amusement I had in catching the little fishes with a pin-hook. As I grew older, I began to fish with a real hook, and to catch trout. Like most boys of my age, I thought more of "going a-fishing" than of all other indulgences. Indeed it amounted almost to a passion with me. I would go miles on an errand, or do any amount of service, for a penny or two, that I might be able to buy my fish-hooks.

From the age of eight to ten, I lived in Bernardston, with an aunt. Here again I had a brook that constantly enticed me from my daily duties, which consisted chiefly of the care of a flock of young geese. I played truant nearly every day, and as often was whipped by my aunt. I returned home at the end of two years. We were very poor, and were often in need of the necessaries of life. My father was a good man, of unexceptionable habits; but he was not thrifty, and did little towards the support of the family. He had a great inventive genius, and turned all his powers towards the discovery of perpetual motion. At the time of his death, his attic was full of machines, the making of which had occupied a large part of his life. But this

brought no bread and butter to his hungry children.

One hard winter he went to Northfield, Mass., to get work, where my mother supposed he was earning something for the maintenance of the family. While there, he had the small-pox; and all the work he did was to make the body of a very large bass-viol. Imagine the disappointment of his family when they found that this monster skeleton was all he had brought home to them!

My mother was a noble woman. In all the trials of poverty, she managed to keep her children decently dressed, that they might go to meeting on Sunday, and make a respectable appearance among other boys. It is true our more prosperous cousins rather turned up their noses at us now and then, much to our mortification.

At the age of twelve, I was hired out at six dollars a month, to a Mr. Graves, in Hatfield. He was a good and religious man. I lived with him two years. I went to school in the winter, and learned to read enough to read the Bible. I partook largely of the religious sentiment that pervaded the family. I said my prayers night and morning, and was deemed a model boy. At the age of fourteen, my father moved to the

western part of New-York State, into Madison County, then an unbroken wilderness. Now began my hard work and harder fare. Our first business was to build a log-house, and to clear a patch of ground, and fit it for seed. I had two brothers older than myself, the oldest of whom was a chair-maker by trade, and made common flag-bottomed chairs for the neighbors. By this means we could get an occasional piece of pork, some flour and potatoes; whilst my father and his other boys wielded the axe,— that great civilizer.

We finished the house, and in the spring we had a few acres felled and ready for burning. We planted corn and potatoes amongst the blackened stumps; fortunately, the crop needed no labor beyond that of planting. Before the season was far spent, we were all down with chills and fever. We managed somehow to live through that year, which was the hardest we had ever seen. I grew strong, and was distinguished for my skill in using the axe. I could lift a larger log than any one else, and, in short, at eighteen was considered a prodigy of strength. Our means for intellectual development were very scant. Our parents would sometimes read the Bible to us, the only book we had in the house; and occasionally we were blessed with a visit

from some itinerant preacher, when the whole forest settlement would meet in some large building, either the schoolhouse or a barn, and listen to his divine teachings. At nineteen I changed my mode of life. I began to think there might be an easier way of getting a living than by cutting down and clearing up the heavily timbered forest, and worked one winter with my brother at turning stuff for chairs.

About this time, war was declared between the United States and Great Britain. A military spirit was aroused throughout the whole of Western New York, and I imbibed as much of it as any one. I had become a distinguished drummer, and had drummed for pay, until I was obliged to do military duty. My brother, next younger than myself, was one of the first to enlist in the service for one year. The troops were soon called to active service at Oswego. After six months he was anxious to return home. I offered myself, and was accepted as a substitute. As he was a drummer, I could easily fill his place.

Nothing of importance broke in upon the monotony of camp-life until mid-winter, when we were ordered to prepare three days' provisions, and to march next morning for Sacket's Harbor. The snow was very deep, and the weather

cold; yet the days of our march were holidays, when compared to camp-life. We committed many depredations on our way, such as stealing chickens, or, on rare occasions, a pig. I was on the rear section of the column one day, and with another soldier had fallen so far behind, that we had lost sight of the troops. Being uncertain which of two roads to take, we applied at a house which was near, for directions. "Oh!" said the woman, "you have only to follow the feathers."

Sacket's Harbor was threatened with an attack by the British. They had a considerable force in Canada, nearly opposite; and the lake at that point was completely frozen over. We were constantly drilled, and kept in readiness for an attack. We had several alarms, and were often drummed out at midnight to face the foe; but he was only found in the imagination of the frightened sentinel.

Sickness now began to thin our ranks. Every hour in the day, some poor fellow would be followed to Briarfield; and the tune, "Away goes the merryman home to his grave," played on returning from the burial, was too often heard to leave the listeners indifferent to its notes. My turn came at last, and I was taken down with the prevailing disease, dysentery; but my lieu-

tenant took me to his own quarters, instead of sending me to the hospital. He was my neighbor, and in this instance proved himself to be one in the Scripture sense. Had I gone to the hospital, I should probably have shared the fate of nearly all who went there, and have been carried to Briarfield. As soon as I recovered sufficient strength to get home, I was discharged, as my time of service was nearly up.

I suffered intensely on my way home. I was thinly clad, without overcoat or gloves. I started from camp with a lad who was taking back a horse that an officer had ridden to Sackett's Harbor: he was warmly clothed and of a very robust make. We travelled on, until I began to feel a good deal fatigued. We at last came to a house where we had been told we could find accommodation. We arrived there just at dusk; and, to our dismay, were told by the master of the house, that he could not keep us, and that he had nothing on hand for either man or beast to eat. It was six miles to the next house, and the road lay on the beach of the lake, exposed to the piercing winds which blew over it. We started off, I on foot as before, while the boy was mounted. I had to run to keep warm. At length we came in sight of a light; but what was our dismay to find an open river between

us and it! I shouted to the utmost capacity of my lungs, but could get no response. What was to be done? Nothing, but to return to the shelter we had left an hour and a half before. I started back at the same speed I came; but, before we had gone half the distance, my strength gave out, leaving me no other alternative but to mount the horse with the boy. I soon found myself getting very cold, and a strong desire to go to sleep came over me. I looked at the thick clumps of evergreen that stood by our path, and thought seriously of lying down under one of them to wait until daylight. The boy was crying, and begged me to keep on, saying, "If you lie down there, you will freeze to death," which would indeed have been inevitable. I yielded to his entreaties, and we finally reached the house we had left three hours before. The boy was not much frozen, but I was badly bitten. My face, hands, and thighs were stiff. After a good deal of rapping and hallooing, the door was opened. The man of the house had been used to such scenes, and knew well what to do. He put my feet into cold water, at the same time making applications to my face, ears, and legs. Mortal never suffered more acute pain than I did through that sleepless night. I experienced the truth of our

host's statement with regard to provisions. The next day at noon, we started again on our perilous journey, having been assured that we were mistaken about the river being open. Travelling more leisurely than we had done the previous night, we reached the river again; and, owing to the intense cold, it was covered with a thin coat of ice, but not thick enough to bear a man in an upright position. I got a long pole, and, by putting myself in a swimming posture, reached the opposite shore in safety, though it was frightful to feel the ice, not much thicker than a pane of window-glass, bending under me. At the house, I was told that the crossing was half a mile back. I recrossed the river; and, retracing our steps a mile, we found a blind road leading over the bluff, which soon took us in safety to a comfortable house, where we found enough to eat for ourselves and our horse. The next day I started for my home, where my sufferings were soon forgotten. I speedily recovered, and went to work with my brother. We had a contract for drum-making from the United States, which gave us employment all the following summer.

Early in the fall of this year, I embarked in a new business. A mechanic had invented and patented a spinning-head, which was thought to

be a great improvement upon the old plan. I accepted an offer he made me to sell the patent in the State of Connecticut. The only thing in the way of my making a fortune was the want of capital. However, "where there's a will, there's a way." I soon contrived to get a horse and wagon, and five or six dollars in money, besides a quantity of essences, such as pepper-mint, tanzy, winter-green, &c. With this fit-out I launched forth into the wide world in pursuit of fortune. There is no period in the history of a young man which awakens so many of the finer feelings of his nature as that when he leaves his home, and for the first time assumes the position and responsibility of an independent man. All the joyful recollections of that home he is about to leave, no matter how humble it is, rush with overwhelming force upon his susceptible heart. I started with all the firmness and resolution I could call to my aid; yet, if my mother could have looked into my eyes, she would have seen them filled with big tears. I jumped into my wagon, whipped up my horse, and was soon out of sight of what, at that moment, seemed all the world to me.

I managed, in view of my small stock of money, to get along without drawing largely upon it. I often bartered my essences for a

night's entertainment, and was going on swimmingly, until I came to a small town on the banks of the Mohawk. I stopped to bait my horse; and, as I was about to start, a man with a bundle of clothing in his hand wanted to get a ride as far as the next town, for which he would give me twenty-five cents. I, of course, was glad to avail myself of his offer. We had travelled perhaps a mile, when we overtook two men by the roadside, in violent dispute about a pack of cards. One was very drunk. My new friend proposed, that we should stop, and inquire into the rights of the case: so I pulled up. The drunken man was contending, that he had won a quarter of a dollar of the other; whereupon he proceeded to show us how it was done. He had bet that the top card was the jack of clubs, and was willing to bet again that the top card was the jack of clubs; at the same time showing, as if by accident, that it was on the bottom of the pack. My friend bet him a quarter, that it was not on the top; and won. He fixed his cards again very clumsily, as he was very drunk. I bet, and won. I bet a half next time; so did my friend: we lost. We now accused him of having two jacks in the pack, and my friend examined the pack, but found only one; and that he managed to drop

into the bottom of the wagon, and covered it with his foot. The cards were again shuffled. We had no scruples about betting on a certainty, as it was to get our money back, so we each bet a dollar, but lost. In some mysterious manner the card had been taken from under the foot. There was nothing to be done but to bear this loss as well as I could; and we started on, very sad. My companion had lost every cent he had in the world. He had a loaded whip, worth two or three dollars, that he urged me to buy. In pity for the poor fellow I gave him his price, when he suddenly recollected that he had left something at the tavern, and must go back. He soon overtook the two worthies we had just left, and all three joined in a hearty laugh. My eyes were instantly opened. I clenched my new whip, determined to go back and thrash the scoundrels; but, as they were three to one, I finally thought better of it. I firmly believe, that, if I had gone back, I should have killed one of them at least, with my loaded whip. I travelled on, not much in love with myself. I bore the loss of the money better than I did the way in which it was lost. This lesson has never been forgotten. I finally reached Connecticut, the field of my future operations. I returned with more

money than I started with, and had a surplus of fifty or sixty wooden clocks and several watches, which I had taken for the patent in different parts of the State.

Near the close of the war, my brother (younger than myself) and I went into the cabinet and chair manufactory in Caledonia, a small town in Livingstone County, N.Y.

At this juncture, I happened to meet with Caroline Woodruff, a lovely girl of twenty, with handsome, dark eyes, fine brunette complexion, and of an amiable disposition. I fell in love with her at first sight. I can remember the dress she wore at our first meeting as well as I do those beautiful eyes. It was a dark crimson, woollen dress, with a neat little frill about the neck. I saw but little of her; for the family soon moved to a distance of forty or fifty miles. Though she was absent, however, her image was implanted too deeply in my heart to be forgotten. It haunted me day and night. At length I took the resolution to go to see her; which was at once carried out. I set out on foot, found her and proposed, and was bid to wait a while for my answer. I went again, in the same way, and this time had the happiness to be accepted; and, three weeks after, she became my wife, and accompanied me to my home.

We had hardly reached it before I was sued for a small debt, which I could not meet: in short, business was not very flourishing, and we were much embarrassed.

To relieve myself, I went into an entirely new business, — that of tavern-keeping. Here I paid off some old debts by making new ones. Matters, however, did not improve: on the contrary, creditors grew more clamorous and threatening. Nothing could strike me with more horror than the thought of being shut up in Batavia Jail. At that time the barbarous practice of imprisonment for debt was in full force. My mind was made up. On Saturday night, I took leave of my wife and child, and left for the head waters of the Alleghany River. As soon as the river opened, I took passage on a raft, and worked my way down to Pittsburg. Here I was at a loss what to do. Times were hard; and, besides, I was not a good enough mechanic to get employment at the only trade I knew any thing of. I finally got a job at house-painting; but I felt lonely and unhappy. As soon as I had saved a few dollars, I started for my wife and child. I walked over mountains, and through wild forests, with no guide but the blazed trees. Bears, wolves, deer, and turkeys I met so often, that I would hardly turn

around to look at them. At last I reached the settlement within a few miles of Caledonia. Here I halted till night, thinking it safer to travel by moonlight than in broad day. As it grew dark, I started, tired and foot-sore. I saw a horse grazing in the road, and the thought struck me that he could ease my weary limbs. I succeeded in catching and mounting him; and, by means of my staff or walking-stick, I steered him to the street of Caledonia. I then turned him on his way home, and bade him good-night. I remained in close concealment three or four days, and, when all was ready, started again for the head waters of the Alleghany, but not alone: this time my wife and child were with me. We experienced many hardships on our way, but nothing of particular interest occurred. At Orleans Point we embarked upon a raft, with a comfortable shanty on board, and in a week floated down the river to Pittsburg. Before I had left Pittsburg, I had rented a ten-footer, with two rooms in it: so we went directly there. All our availables consisted of one bed, and a chest of clothing, and some cooking utensils; so that we had little labor in getting settled down.

But now all my money was gone, and how to get more was the question. I could find no

work as a house-painter, and what to do I did not know. I would walk about the town, and return to find my wife in tears, — though she always had a smile for me. I went into the market the next morning, though for what purpose I could hardly tell; for I had not one cent of money. At last I ventured to ask the price of a beefsteak. I had the impudence to say to the man, that I should like that piece very much, but that I had no change with me. To my great surprise, he said I could take it, and pay for it the next time I came. As I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Sands, a barber who occupied the twin part of the house I was in, I went to his wife, and asked her to loan me half a loaf of bread, which she did cheerfully. If we went hungry that day, it was not because we had not enough to eat, and that, too, with an honest appetite.

There was an opening just now for a sign-painter. I had talked with Neighbor Sands upon the subject of my becoming one. He approved the plan, and was the means of my getting an order. A Mr. W. H. Wetherell wanted a sign painted in gold letters on both sides, so as to project it into the street. I agreed to do it; but where was the stock of gold paint and board to come from? I went

into Neighbor Sands' half a dozen times, for the purpose of asking him to lend me the money to procure the materials, and as often my heart failed me. At last I made a grand effort, and said, "Neighbor Sands, I wish you would lend me twenty dollars for a few days, as I have no money by me that is current." — "Certainly, with pleasure." I could hardly believe it real. I took the money, and hurried into my room, and threw it into my wife's lap. She was frightened, fearing I had obtained it by some unlawful means. The first use I made of it was to go to the market, and to pay the credulous butcher; and to buy some vegetables, tea, sugar, and some other little luxuries. I got my sign-board made, bought my gold leaf, paints, &c.; went to a printer, and got some very large impressions of the alphabet; and, having in my chair-making experience learned the art of gilding, I soon had my sign finished, and paid back my neighbor his money. He never knew that I was not flush of money; but his kindness I never forgot. I was at once established as a sign-painter, and followed that trade for a year.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT this time, I fell in with a portrait-painter by the name of Nelson, — one of the primitive sort. He was a sign, ornamental, and portrait painter. He had for his sign a copy of the "Infant Artists" of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with this inscription, "Sign, Ornamental, and Portrait Painting executed on the shortest notice, with neatness and despatch." It was in his sanctum that I first conceived the idea of painting heads. I saw his portraits, and was enamored at once. I got him to paint me and my wife, and thought the pictures perfection. He would not let me see him paint, nor would he give me the least idea how the thing was done. I took the pictures home, and pondered on them, and wondered how it was possible for a man to produce such wonders of art. At length my admiration began to yield to an ambition to do the same thing. I thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night, until I was stimulated to make an attempt at painting myself. I got a board; and, with such colors as I had for use in my trade, I began a portrait of

my wife. I made a thing that looked like her. The moment I saw the likeness, I became frantic with delight: it was like the discovery of a new sense; I could think of nothing else. From that time, sign-painting became odious, and was much neglected.

I next painted a razeed portrait of an Englishman who was a journeyman baker, for which I received five dollars. He sent it to his mother in London. I also painted portraits of the man and his wife with whom I boarded, and for which I received, on account, twelve dollars each. This was in the winter season: the river was closed, and there was but little to be done in sign-painting.

I shall always remember the friendship of an Irish apothecary, who, at this period of my history, encouraged me in my attempts at portrait-painting, and allowed me to buy any materials I needed, on credit, from his paint and drug store. I had been painting a second picture of my wife, and asked Nelson the painter to come and see it. He declared it to be no more like my wife than like him, and said further that it was utter nonsense for me to try to paint portraits at my time of life: he had been ten years in learning the trade. To receive such a lecture, and such utter condemnation of my work,

when I expected encouragement and approval, was truly disheartening. He left me; and I was still sitting before the picture, in great dejection, when my friend the doctor came in. He instantly exclaimed, with much apparent delight, "That's good; first-rate, a capital likeness," &c. I then repeated what Nelson had just said. He replied that it was sheer envy; that he never painted half so good a head, and never would. The tide of hope began to flow again, and I grew more and more fond of head-painting. I now regarded sign-painting merely as a necessity, while my whole soul was wrapped up in my new love; and neglected my trade so much that I was kept pretty short of money. I resorted to every means to eke out a living. I sometimes played the clarionet for a tight-rope dancer, and on market-days would play at the window of the museum to attract the crowd to the exhibition. For each of these performances I would get a dollar.

I was stictly temperate in my habits, and seldom spent a sixpence for any thing that we did not actually need; but I remember one occasion when my love of music and excitement got the better of my prudence. I had gone out one evening to borrow a dollar to go to market with the next morning, when, as I was

sauntering about, I heard music, which attracted me to the spot. It was the performance of the orchestra of the theatre. It was a temporary building, loosely boarded; and as I looked through the cracks of the covering, I saw such a sight as I had never dreamed of. I went instantly to the door, got a ticket, and crowded my way in. By degrees, I managed to get into a box which was full. I stood for the first hour in perfect amazement at the lords and ladies, and was overwhelmed by the brilliant lights and heavenly music. At the end of one of the acts, one of the gentlemen left his seat, and went out; and I took it. He came back, and claimed his seat. I was not inclined to admit his claim. I had paid my dollar, and told him I thought I had as good a right to a seat as he had; and that he could as well stand an hour as I. He prepared to eject me by force; but, as I unfolded my dimensions, he relinquished his purpose, and bore the loss of his seat as well as he could. I did not leave the theatre until the last lamp was extinguished. The play which had so enchanted me was Scott's "Lady of the Lake." This was my first acquaintance with the stage. I do not remember how we fared the next day in our marketing; but I presume I borrowed another dollar in the morning.

Up to this time, I had never read any book but the Bible, and could only read that with difficulty. My wife, who had received a comparatively good education, and had once taught school, borrowed of one of the neighbors "The Children of the Abbey," a popular novel of that day. I was rather opposed to her reading it, as I had been taught to believe by my mother, that cards and novels were the chief instruments of the Devil in seducing mortals from the paths of virtue. However, her desire to read it was too strong to be overcome by any objections I could raise, so I had to yield; but I insisted upon her reading it aloud. One dark and rainy day, she commenced the reading. She read on till bed-time, and then proposed to leave the rest of the story until the next day; but I was altogether too eager to hear how the next chapter ended, to consent to that. She was persuaded to read the next chapter, and the next, and the next. In short, I kept her reading all night, and gave her no rest until the novel was finished. The first novel I ever read myself was "Rob Roy." I could only read it understandingly by reading it aloud, and to this day I often find myself whispering the words in the daily newspaper.

My brother Horace, the chair-maker, was

established in Paris, Ky. He wrote to me that he was painting portraits, and that there was a painter in Lexington who was receiving fifty dollars a head. This price seemed fabulous to me; but I began to think seriously of trying my fortune in Kentucky. I soon settled upon the idea, and acted at once. Winding up my affairs in Pittsburg, I found that I had just money enough to take me down the river. I knew a barber, by the name of Jarvis, who was going to Lexington; and I proposed to join him in the purchase of a large skiff. He agreed to it; and we fitted it up with a sort of awning or tent, and embarked, with our wives and children. Sometimes we rowed our craft; but oftener we let her float as she pleased, while we gave ourselves up to music. He, as well as I, played the clarionet; and we had much enjoyment on our voyage. We arrived in Paris with funds rather low; but, as my brother was well known there, I found no difficulty on that score.

Here I began my career as a professional artist. I took a room, and painted the portrait of a very popular young man, and made a decided hit. In six months from that time, I had painted nearly one hundred portraits, at twenty-five dollars a head. The first twenty-five I took

rather disturbed the equanimity of my conscience. It did not seem to me that the portrait was intrinsically worth that money; now, I know it was not.

I have stated previously, that I was strictly temperate. This was not from principle, but simply because I did not want any stimulant. During my stay in Paris, I was constantly thrown into the society of those who did drink. It was the almost universal custom to take a julep before breakfast; and by degrees I fell into the habit of taking *my* julep, and sometimes two. I soon guessed where this would end, for I found that I felt uncomfortable unless I had my morning dram. I stopped short at once, and for five years never tasted a drop of ardent spirits. I was sometimes obliged to sip a glass of wine at the dinner table.

My second daughter was born in Paris, in the winter of 1818–19.

Here it was that I mingled for the first time with the tip-top of society. I went at once, on my arrival in the town, to the first-class hotel. I found unspeakable embarrassment at the table, with so many fine young gentlemen, all so elegantly dressed, with ruffled shirts, rings on their white and delicate fingers, and diamond pins in their bosoms. They, no doubt, thought me very

clownish; as I undoubtedly was. I found little respect paid me by them, until I began to attract the attention of their masters. I soon became a sort of lion, and grew very popular among these clerks, especially after I was so far advanced in the ways of society as to take my morning juleps.

Up to this time, I had thought little of the profession, so far as its honors were concerned. Indeed it had never occurred to me, that it was more honorable or profitable than sign-painting. I now began to entertain more elevated ideas of the art, and to desire some means of improvement. Finding myself in funds sufficient to visit Philadelphia, I did so; and spent two months in that city, devoting my time entirely to drawing in the Academy, and studying the best pictures, practising at the same time with the brush. I would sometimes feel a good deal discouraged as I looked at the works of older artists. I saw the labor it would cost me to emulate them, working, as I should, under great disadvantages. Then again, when I had painted a picture successfully, my spirits would rise, and I would resolve that I could and would overcome every obstacle. One good effect of my visit to Philadelphia was to open my eyes to the merits of the works of other

artists, though it took away much of my self-satisfaction. My own pictures did not look as well to my own eye as they did before I left Paris. I had thought then that my pictures were far ahead of Mr. Jewitt's, the painter my brother had written me about, who received such unheard-of prices, and who really was a good artist. My estimation of them was very different now: I found they were so superior to mine, that their excellence had been beyond my capacity of appreciation.

When I returned to Kentucky, I found that the scarcity of money, from which the State was then suffering, seriously affected my business; and after struggling on for a few months, without bettering my finances, I concluded to try a new field. I first tried my fortune in Cincinnati; but, after waiting a week or two in vain for orders, I gave up all hope of succeeding there, and determined to push on to St. Louis. But how to get there was a puzzling question. I had used up all my money; but, in my palmy days in Paris, I had bought a dozen silver spoons, and a gold watch and chain for my wife. There was no way left for me now but to dispose of these superfluities. I went with them to a broker, and pawned them for money enough to take me and my family to Missouri. I had letters of

introduction to St. Louis, and set off at once for that far-off city. We went as far as Louisville on a flat-boat, and there found a steamboat ready to take passengers; and in ten days we were safely landed in St. Louis. I presented one of my letters to Governor Clarke, who was then Governor of the Territory, Indian Agent, &c.; and he kindly helped me about getting a suitable room for a studio, and then offered himself as a sitter. This was an auspicious and cheering beginning. I was decidedly happy in my likeness of him, and, long before I had finished his head, I had others engaged; and for fifteen months I was kept constantly at work.

In June of this year, I made a trip of one hundred miles for the purpose of painting the portrait of old Colonel Daniel Boone.* I had much trouble in finding him. He was living, some miles from the main road, in one of the cabins of an old block-house, which was built for the protection of the settlers against the incursions of the Indians. I found that the nearer I got to his dwelling, the less was known of him. When within two miles of his house, I asked a man to tell me where Colonel Boone lived. He said he did not know any such man. "Why, yes,

* This picture is now in possession of JOHN L. KING, Esq., of Springfield, Mass.

you do," said his wife. "It is that white-headed old man who lives on the bottom, near the river." A good illustration of the proverb, that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

I found the object of my search engaged in cooking his dinner. He was lying in his bunk, near the fire, and had a long strip of venison wound around his ramrod, and was busy turning it before a brisk blaze, and using salt and pepper to season his meat. I at once told him the object of my visit. I found that he hardly knew what I meant. I explained the matter to him, and he agreed to sit. He was ninety years old, and rather infirm; his memory of passing events was much impaired, yet he would amuse me every day by his anecdotes of his earlier life. I asked him one day, just after his description of one of his long hunts, if he never got lost, having no compass. "No," said he, "I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was *bewildered* once for three days."

He was much astonished at seeing the likeness. He had a very large progeny; one grand-daughter had eighteen children, all at home near the old man's cabin: *they* were even more astonished at the picture than was the old man himself.

I will mention in this connection the fact of my painting one of the Osage chiefs. There was a deputation from this tribe on a visit to Governor Clarke. I asked some of them to go to my room, and there showed them the portrait of Governor Clarke, at the sight of which they gave several significant grunts. They were not satisfied with merely looking, but went close to the picture, rubbed their fingers across the face, looked behind it, and showed great wonder. The old chief was a fine-looking man, of great dignity of manner. I asked him to sit for his portrait. He did so; and, after giving evident signs of pleasure at seeing himself reproduced on canvas, he said that I was a god (a great spirit), and, if I would go home with him, I should be a brave, and have two wives.

The deputation went to Washington, where they staid long enough to lose much, I may say nearly all, of that which ennobles the Indian character. I saw them on their return to St. Louis. They wore, instead of their own graceful blankets, a military dress with tawdry cotton epaulettes and cotton lace; and withal had fallen into the habit of getting beastly drunk. All the interest I had felt in them was gone.

The city became very sickly, and the weather was intensely hot. I decided to leave the

city for a month or two. I hired a pair of horses and a close carriage and driver, and started for the town of Franklin, about two hundred miles from St. Louis, situated on the Missouri River. The day after we started, I was taken violently ill of dysentery, and was reduced in one week to a skeleton.

We met with an adventure on our way, which I relate for the amusement of the younger portion of my readers. We stopped one day about noon to bait our horses. While waiting at the tavern, I saw the fresh skin of some wild animal, and inquired what it was. I was told that it was the skin of a panther that had been shot the night before, and that her mate was prowling about the prairie. The two had done great damage to the young cattle and hogs, and a deadly war had been waged against them. The whole settlement had turned out on the hunt, and at last had succeeded in killing one. We started to cross the prairie called the Twenty-mile Prairie, and travelled on through intense heat and swarms of flies until near night, and were within a mile of the wooded border, when the driver suddenly stopped, and called out, "My God! massa, what dat dar?" I lifted the window of the coach, and there stood an enormous panther, directly in our

path, and in a half-crouching posture. The negro swung his hat, and yelled as if he were frightened out of his senses; and there was good cause for his fear, for the animal was not more than twenty feet from us. The monster gave one or two leaps into the grass, and there stood and eyed us very closely as we passed. If the driver was frightened, those within the carriage were no less so. We were none of us sorry to part company with the creature. We soon reached the tavern; and, as the landlord was beginning to take the harness from the horses, I told him the adventure. He instantly dropped the harness; and calling all the men, boys, and dogs that were near, they all started at their utmost speed. They soon found the beast, and followed him nearly all night; but he would not "tree."

We had a little adventure at this tavern, which might have shocked some of the refined boarders at the Astor House. I had observed a white counterpane spread upon the grass, covered over with fruit for the purpose of drying. On sitting down at the tea-table, the same article appeared as a table-cloth; and, on going to bed, we found it put to its legitimate use.

We arrived, at last, at the town of Franklin,

which was the county seat. Where the bed of the Missouri River now lies, the Court-house then stood. Such have been the ravages of this unreliable stream, that not a house in the then flourishing town is now standing. It was here that my oldest son was born. One other event of importance occurred. It was here that I obtained a perfect knowledge of the English language: at least, I was assured by an itinerant professor, that he could make me a thorough grammarian in twelve lessons. As I took the required number, if I am not all that he promised me, it must be his fault, and not mine.

While in St. Louis, I bought a lot of land, for which I painted five hundred dollars worth in pictures at their then current value. On leaving St. Louis, I left the lot in charge of an agent, with funds for the accruing taxes. I never thought of the lot or the agent for five years, when I met a gentleman in Washington who was well acquainted with real estate in St. Louis. I asked him if he knew any thing about my lot: he said it had, he thought, been sold for taxes. This proved to be true; but, as the limit of redemption had not expired, I empowered this gentleman to redeem it, and to sell it at once, if he could get a fair price for it, to

relieve myself from the trouble of looking after it. He sold it for seven hundred dollars. That same lot is now worth forty thousand. By such chances fortunes are made or missed!

My ambition in my profession now began to take a higher flight, and I determined to go to Europe. I had accumulated over a thousand dollars in cash, and had bought a carriage and pair of horses. With these I started with my family for Western New York, where my parents were still living, by whom we were warmly welcomed.

My success in painting, and especially the amount of money I had saved, was the wonder of the whole neighborhood. My grandfather Smith, at an advanced age, had followed his children to the West, and was living in the same place with my father. He had, as yet, said nothing congratulatory upon my success; but one day he began, "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. I think it is very little better than swindling to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies. Now, I want you to give up this course of living, and settle down on a farm, and become a respectable man." As I did not exactly coincide in his views, I did not become the "respectable man" according to his notions.

My failure in Caledonia for four or five hundred dollars had caused as much surprise and excitement as would the failure of any of our first merchants in Boston. The surprise was, at least, as great to my creditors to find themselves paid off in full.

My plan now was to leave my wife and children with my father and mother, and go to Europe. This plan was so far matured and carried out, that I had my trunk packed, and was to leave on the following morning.* Just before starting, my mother asked me to sit down by her, as she wished to have a serious talk with me. She began, "You are now going to Europe; and how soon — if ever — you return, no one can tell. You are leaving your wife and children with very little to live upon; certainly, not enough to support them in the way they have lived. To come to the point, I want you to give up your trip for the present, and buy a farm [pointing to one in the neighborhood that was for sale], and place your family in a comfortable position. If you go to Europe, and never return, they are then pro-

* The ship I was intending to sail in was the ill-fated "Albion." She was wrecked, and all on board were lost except one man, an invalid, who was thrown up a cleft in the rocks, and saved.

vided for; and this reflection will console you under any trials you may be called on to pass through." This appeal was too much for me. I yielded; and the next morning, instead of starting for Europe, I started for the farm, and before night had a deed of one hundred and fifty acres. I next made a contract with a carpenter to build a frame-house upon it; and then started for Washington, to spend the winter.

I had fairly begun work before Congress assembled, and had some happy specimens for exhibition. I spent about six months there; was full of business, and was able in the spring to pay for the new house, and make another payment on the farm.

The following summer I spent in Pittsfield and Northampton. Mr. Mills, United States Senator from Massachusetts, resided in the latter town. He had seen my pictures in Washington, and had spoken favorably of them and of me; and I found that I had already a high reputation. I at once got orders, and in a short time my room was tolerably well filled with pictures.

While I was there, the annual cattle-show came off. I allowed my pictures to be exhibited among the mechanic arts. They elicited great admiration, and formed one of the chief

attractions. I went into the room one day when there was a great crowd, and was soon pointed out as the artist. Conversation ceased, and all eyes were turned upon me. This was altogether too much for my modesty, and I withdrew as quickly as possible.

I one day received an invitation to a large party, to be given by Mrs. Ashmun (the step-mother of George Ashmun), which I accepted; but, as the evening drew near, began to regret that I had done so. I finally went into my room, and sat down on the bed, before beginning to dress, and took the matter into serious consideration. Should I go? or should I not? It was a fearful ordeal to go through. I had never been to a fashionable lady's party, and should not know how to behave. My heart grew faint at the thought of my ignorance and awkwardness. But then I reflected, there must be a first time; and, with a mighty effort, resolved that this should be it! So I went, and passed through the trial better than I anticipated; but I was glad enough when it was over.

While in Northampton, I painted the portraits of two gentlemen from Boston. They encouraged me to establish myself in that city. I did so, and for six months rode triumphantly on the

top wave of fortune. I took a large room, arranged my pictures, and fixed upon one o'clock as my hour for exhibition. As soon as the clock struck, my bell would begin to ring; and people would flock in, sometimes to the number of fifty. New orders were constantly given me for pictures. I was compelled to resort to a book for registering the names of the numerous applicants. As a vacancy occurred, I had only to notify the next on the list, and it was filled. I do not think any artist in this country ever enjoyed more popularity than I did; but popularity is often easily won, and as easily lost. Mr. Stuart, the greatest portrait painter this country ever produced, was at that time in his manhood's strength as a painter; yet he was idle half the winter. He would ask of his friends, "How rages the Harding fever?"

Although I had painted about eighty portraits, I had a still greater number of applicants awaiting their turn; but I was determined to go to Europe, as I had money enough to pay for my farm, and some sixteen hundred dollars besides. I had engaged to paint a few portraits in Springfield, which I did on my way to Barre, where my family were living. After spending a week or two there in arranging matters con-

nected with their comfort, I took leave of them, and started for New-York City, where I was to embark. On my way, I spent a day or two in Northampton with my friends. While there, a lady, whose judgment I respected, advised me to send for my family, and establish them in that town; urging as a reason, that my children would grow up wild where they were, and that my wife could not improve in the accomplishments of refined society, but inevitably remain stationary, on the standard level of those she would be obliged to associate with, while I should be improving by mingling with the refined and distinguished persons my profession would throw me among. I was impressed with the good sense of this advice, and adopted it. I started at once for my wild home, and brought my family, now numbering four children, to Northampton; and saw them well settled in a very excellent boarding-house, where they remained two years. I have had good reason to thank my friend for her judicious suggestion.

And now, at last, I took my departure for a foreign land, leaving wife, children, and friends, —all indeed that I had sympathy with,— to cast in my lot, for a time, with strangers in a strange land. My heart was full of conflicting emotions.

Scores of my patrons in Boston had tried to dissuade me from taking this step, some urging as a reason, that I already had such a press of business that I could lay up a considerable sum of money yearly; while others insisted that I need not go abroad, for I already painted better pictures than any artist in this country, and probably better than any in Europe. My self-esteem was not large enough, however, to listen to all this, and my desire for study and improvement was too great to be overpowered by flattery. In spite of all advice to the contrary, I sailed for England, in the good packet ship "Canada," on the first day of August, 1823.

After a favorable passage of eighteen days, we arrived safely in port, at Liverpool; and I remember feeling so ridiculously happy at setting foot on shore again, that I laughed heartily without knowing why.

During the two years of separation from my family which ensued, I kept a journal to send to my wife; and, as it gives the details of my experiences on the other side of the Atlantic with greater freshness than I could throw into any account I might try to give at this distance of time, I shall continue my narrative by making extracts from it.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNAL. — 1823.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 20.—Took a seat at Liverpool in an opposition coach for Birmingham. Travelled through a delightful and highly cultivated country. Admired the neat and clean appearance of the cottages. The sudden and very great transition from ease and opulence to extreme and abject misery cannot fail, however, to be a source of painful reflection to every intelligent traveller upon that road. The rich seem to have almost exhaustless wealth, from the refinement and profusion of their luxuries; and the squalid wretchedness of the poor exhibits not less striking evidence of the extreme of poverty. The first annoyance, experienced by a stranger travelling in this country, is the unremitting applications of coachmen, waiters, and chambermaids for money, when he is unable to discover any foundation for their claims. Custom, however, is so despotic a tyrant, and so irresistible in his sway, that one yields to all these demands without questioning

their justice; the authority from which they are derived is so universally respected, that its name is a sufficient passport for every species of imposition.

Birmingham, from its great number of mills, is enveloped in smoke; which, in addition to a fog, almost prevents one from finding his way through the streets.

One of our fellow-passengers gave us (Captain Barnaby and myself) a letter to his friend in Birmingham, which contained a singular mistake, that amused us not a little. The letter ran, "Dear Tom, will you show these gentlemen some of your *manufactures?*" instead of factories. The consequences of the mistake were such as might be anticipated. The note was duly delivered with our address, and in a very short time the "man of brass" came down, quite out of breath, with many apologies for being out when we did him the favor to call; begging that we would accompany him to his warehouse, where he would show us as great a variety, and at as low prices, as any man in his line in Birmingham. But, alas! when informed by us of his mistake, and he ascertained that he should have no heavy orders to fill, he was instantly seized with an ague that seemed to freeze him into utter speechlessness: but a few moments

sufficed to restore to him the use of his faculties, and his manners softened towards us sufficiently to induce an offer of his services in showing us some of the wonders of the town; an offer which was readily accepted, and which procured us the sight of one brass and copper foundry.

Friday, 22. — Left Birmingham for London.

Saturday, 23. — Entered the grand metropolis, and took lodgings at Cooper's Hotel. Walked about the neighboring streets; saw the mighty St. Paul's, and the millions passing it. On first entering Fleet Street, I was disposed to stop until the crowd had passed, but soon found the procession was interminable. In the evening went to see Matthews in "Mons. Tonson;" not so much gratified as when I saw him in Boston.

Sunday, 24. — Rain and smoke render a candle almost necessary to read or write. My friend left me to my own reflections, which my situation, — being in a small, dark room in the third story, or, as my friend described it, "the first floor down the chimney," — united to a gloomy day, conspired to make quite depressing. My only prospect from the windows was a sight of a few dirty buildings with their outhouses. Then the awful tolling of St. Paul's went to my heart with overwhelming power. I had never

before heard such melancholy peals, and their first influence was irresistible. The clouds broke in the evening, and I walked down to the Waterloo Bridge.

Tuesday, 26. — Took a coach, and drove up and down the city in search of Mr. Leslie, without knowing his address; and, after two or three hours of fruitless exertion, and half a guinea coach hire, I accidentally cast my eye on the letter I had to him, when I saw, "No. 8, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square." I had the satisfaction of at length presenting my letter to him; but, finding him engaged, I soon left him, with the promise to call again in the evening. At tea, met Newton and Bowman and Mason, with whom I had a delightful conversation.

Wednesday, 27. — Accompanied Leslie to the Royal Academy, where I found many students at their "devotions," and saw one of Raphael's Cartoons, with copies of all of them. I was greatly disappointed in these renowned works, more particularly in regard to their coloring.

Thursday, 28. — Mr. Leslie having procured me a ticket of admission to the gallery of Mr. Augustine, I visited it, and saw there for the first time an original Vandyke: it was masterly indeed, and quite equalled my expectations.

Saw many Titians, which failed in producing the same gratification; saw also several Claudes, all beautiful as Nature herself. There is here likewise a picture of the raising of Lazarus, by one of the old masters, which has been and still is extravagantly extolled, and which cost an enormous sum. Yet, notwithstanding its high reputation, and my endeavors to admire it because Leslie pointed it out to me, I could not think it very fine. I shall probably change my opinion of it upon a more extensive knowledge of the art. Saw a fine Sir Joshua, and one of Wilkie, — a Scotch merry-making; delighted with both, as also Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode."

Sept. 1. — Being my birthday, I had Mason to dine with me. After dinner, we went to see the grand gallery of the late Mr. West. From what I had already seen of his works, I was prepared to find his pictures quite inferior to what I once fancied them, and to the estimation of the public. Owing to this prepossession, I was the more agreeably disappointed. "Death on the Pale Horse" is awfully sublime, and I shrank back with horror when my eyes first glanced upon it. There were many others that delighted me, many which I thought quite ordinary, and some contemptible. I think that

he has departed widely from nature in coloring, and that he has carried his classical ideas of the face almost to a deformity. If his heroes were to walk out of the canvas, and mingle in society, they would be found to resemble men of our day so little, that they would scarcely be recognized as human beings. He was a great mannerist. His last pictures afford evidence of the decline of his intellectual powers.

Tuesday, 2. — Commenced the head of Mr. Baldwin for myself, and found that my hand was a good deal out. Leslie, Newton, and others being so curious to see my first picture, added not a little to the mingled feelings of doubt and confidence, hope and fear, which agitated and oppressed me.

Monday, 8. — Finished the portrait of Mr. Baldwin. Not entirely satisfied with it, but by no means discouraged; for I daily behold worse paintings than I ever painted, even in Pittsburg. Went to Vauxhall Gardens. I had never seen any thing before resembling these gardens, and had no idea of the amusements they afford. Barnaby and I went about ten o'clock; and, in entering, took a long alley that was intentionally left very dark, and which opened directly into the quietest part of the garden. My astonishment upon leaving this

dark alley was indeed beyond conception. There were, I suppose, ten thousand lamps, of various colors, most tastefully arranged, whose dazzling light bewildered, and, for a few moments, nearly blinded me, as they burst upon me in contrast to the darkness I had left. In the centre of the principal part of the garden is an orchestra prettily fitted up with lamps, and with fifty or more performers; there are also beautiful rotundas and long promenades. At every other place of amusement, such as the theatre, balls, &c., you see some thoughtful faces; but here every countenance is lit up with smiles, which give unequivocal evidence of participation in the enjoyment and magic influences of the scene. Splendid fire and water works were playing all the time. It was to me a scene of such perfect enchantment, that I took no note of time; and it was near three o'clock before we left the gardens.

Sept. 9.—At night, taken violently ill of the cholera; thought of having occasion for an "undertaker;" wished myself at home a thousand times in the course of a long and tedious night. The thought was dreadful to me of the possibility that I might not see home again: the idea of dying away from home was horrible. This weakness did not leave me

until I was out of danger. Morning at length came, and I got once more upon my feet; and, before night, obtained relief.

Thursday, 11. — Quite recovered my strength. Began the portrait of Captain Barnaby, and walked about the city.

Friday, 12. — Went to see the London Docks; saw a *wilderness* of masts; ships from every quarter of the globe; many from my own country, which I looked upon with uncommon pride and pleasure. I thought them infinitely the finest ships in dock. It was a charming sight.

Saturday, 13. — Went with Bowman to see Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits. As much pleased as on the first visit. His women are angels, but his men are not so faultless by any means. There happened to be two or three learned critics making their remarks while we were there. It occurred to me, while listening to these gentlemen, that, however excellent a painter may be, it must take a long time to become known to the world; but, having once become celebrated, whatever he does is out of the reach of criticism: visitors go to see his works with a predisposition to be pleased with them. Very different is the case with the beginner. Instead of overlooking the faults, they are most apt to overlook any little merit the pic-

ture may possess, and seem to take great credit to themselves for having discovered that the pictures are not perfect; but, happily for the artists, and perhaps for the art, the beginner is content with a smaller share of approbation, as he also is content with a small price for his first efforts. To criticise and praise judiciously requires great knowledge: to find fault is an easy task, as no work of genius is perfect. A young painter needs the criticism of the wise, that he may be confirmed in what is good in his work, and not merely to be made to feel that his work is bad.

Monday, 15.—Went with Mr. and Miss Leslie, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, to see the Dalwich Gallery. This is a splendid collection. The portrait of the "Arch-duke Albert," by Vandyke, is the finest piece of art that I have yet seen; it is very nearly, if not quite, perfect; the shadows are so transparent that they do not appear at all at first glance. The portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, by Sir Joshua, is a fine picture; very yellow, perhaps too much so. Saw some of Claude's fine landscapes, and a multitude of other pictures, such as Cuype, Poussin, Titian, Rembrandt, and some others, whose works are admirable: but then there are, as an offset to these beautiful pieces, hundreds

of inferior productions, which to my mind are not worth the trouble of preserving, though they all in their turn find admirers. Some will admire a picture because it looks old; some, because it is so dark nothing is left to the eye, but all to the imagination; others, for the respect they have for the name of its author.

We then went to a beautiful spot of rising ground, about two miles from Dalwich, where we could see St. Paul's, and many other points of London. We had our fortunes told by some gipsies on our way. After walking about until four o'clock, we found ourselves seated upon the side of a hill, with our dejeunér, which was previously provided, before us: all ate as if it were his last meal. One of the greatest pleasures in this kind of feasting seems to be the delightful inconvenience, which is unavoidable. In consequence of our choice of position, our plates and dishes would slip about in fine style: now a salt-cellar would begin its revolutions down the hill; now a glass of ale would follow its example, and perhaps a mustard-pot would turn a somersault or two; in short, we had every annoyance that can be necessary to render such an occasion charming. The ceremony of eating once over, and our legs straightened again, we adjourned to a level spot of grass

that was like velvet, where we commenced a dance, which closed our amusements.

Sunday, 21. — My friend Barnaby kindly invited me to spend a week with him at his friend's, in Oxfordshire; so we mounted to the top of a coach, and, after travelling four or five hours in a hard rain, we arrived at our place of destination. The captain's friend, Mr. Large, is a gentleman farmer of some wealth, and much esteemed by all classes of society. Here I spent ten days, and I must say I never spent ten days more delightfully in my life. On the evening of our arrival, we were invited to a "harvest-home:" we met about fifteen gentlemen. When we first entered the room, I thought we were in a Yankee bar-room, so full was it of smoke. Every gentleman had his long pipe, that sent forth its blue, encircling smoke most plentifully. The company, however, bore no likeness to the class that is found haunting our bar-rooms; they were mostly men of reading, and some of classical education. They were seated in a circle around a large fire, with a small table to each three or four; every man had his tumbler of hot toddy, of brandy, rum, or gin, as best pleased himself; and they were emptied often enough to keep the company in good heart. Songs and stories went round in

rapid succession. At twelve o'clock, we sat down to a plentiful supper; and at two, went home, happy enough. . . .

Monday, 29. — Now came on the most delightful sport in the world. Mr. Large had invited about twenty ladies and gentlemen to take a day's sport, of coursing the hare. This, I found, was to show me a specimen of country sports. We went into the field in a martial manner, all well mounted; and we soon started a hare. The hounds were uncoupled, and after the little harmless creature they went like lightning, and the riders as close in the chase as possible. "Here she is!" — "There she goes!" — "Now we have her!" — "The hounds have lost the scent!" — "No: they have it again!" and so on was the cry for ten or fifteen minutes, when the hounds came up with her, and soon despatched her. In the course of the day, we had seven or eight fine courses. One could hardly say which was most excited by them, — the horses, the riders, or the dogs. At night, most of the gentlemen sat down to a dinner prepared for the occasion, which was a jollification indeed. We stuck to the table until three o'clock: we had toasts, songs, and a flood of the best wines the country could afford. The old parson was the man last at the table; and, while at it, would

thump the hardest, drink the hardest, and laugh the loudest, of all the company. Thus ended my delightful visit.

Monday, Oct. 6. — Commenced the study of the French language, with a determination to persevere in it; the want of society will favor my determination; pretty busy between the study of French, drawing, history, and the many letters I have to write.

Monday, 12. — Went with Mason to Westminster Abbey; struck with amazement at this wonderful pile; the architecture is sublime, but, together with all that we associate with Westminster Abbey, it is impressive beyond the power of description.

Friday, 16. — Went to Drury-Lane Theatre. In going into the pit in a tremendous crowd, had my pockets picked of five pounds: whoever took it must have been a finished master in the "art and mystery of pocket-picking." My purse was in my pantaloons' pocket, and it was with great difficulty that I could get my own hand into it; but I suppose it was fished out with hooks that are prepared purposely. Saw Macready in "Hamlet;" very great acting.

Sunday, 18. — At twelve, noon, reading by candle-light. A good deal afraid of taking the small-pox. I exchanged beds with the child

that lies ill of it, the day before the pox made its appearance on her.

Monday. — Had a great disappointment in seeing the celebrated "Chapeau de Paille," by Rubens. I thought it had little, besides the name of its author, to recommend it to the lover of art. I think it vastly over-rated: had I seen it in a pawnbroker's window, with the price of five pounds affixed to it, I am certain I should have passed it without buying. The face is out of drawing, and the coloring by no means to my taste. I am almost sorry that I saw it. By the side of it, I saw the half-length portrait of an old woman (by Rembrandt) that was *living*. I would rather possess it than a score of the "Chapeau de Paille."

Thursday, 30. — Went to see the pictures by Sir Joshua, and the copies by the young students of London. Sir Joshua's pictures are splendid: they stand first in my estimation, of all modern art. Much is said by the artists of the day, however, of their bad drawing, and fading colors; so I must take another look or two before I make a decision. The more I learn of the system of copying even the greatest painters, the more I disapprove of it. I have always advocated the system of following nature closely, and of doing nothing the artist

did not clearly understand; and, on looking at these copies, I am more firmly fixed in my theory than ever. Some of the copies are very like the originals, and the beginner wonders at his own success; but he never once asks himself, why the master did this or that, and is, in fact, as incapable of appreciating these master-pieces of art as he is of wielding the giant brush that produced them.

Thursday, Nov. 13.—Began the portrait of Mr. Rush.

18.—Finished it much to my own liking: it is my best head. Mr. Rush gave me an introductory letter to Sir Thomas Lawrence. I called upon him, and found him very civil. I am to carry him some of my heads for his inspection and criticism. On Friday, carried the portrait of Mr. Rush, with my own, to Sir Thomas. He asked me what school I had studied in. I told him the Stuart School. I told him this, that he need not think that I wished to pass for a prodigy. He found some faults with the head; praised them some; and, on the whole, flattered my vanity a good deal.

Monday, Dec. 8.—Spent Sunday evening at Mr. Rush's, where I met Mr. Owen, Mr. Hunter, and several other countrymen, as well as a number of Englishmen. Was highly pleased with

Mr. Owen; and listened with deep interest for two hours to the conversation of Mr. Rush and Mr. Owen. It ran chiefly upon the new system of education adopted by the latter at New Lanark. The theory seems very feasible, and the successful experiments he has made at New Lanark leave little doubt of its usefulness. The system is thoroughly republican, and Mr. Owen says that the United States is the "half-way house" between this country and his desired object.

Wednesday, Dec. 23. — Smuggled into Somerset House by Leslie to hear the annual lecture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. After a few words of congratulation to those who had just received the prizes for drawing and painting, he took a broad and general view of art, which he treated in a very interesting manner. He said much upon the comparative merits of modern masters. He eulogized Mr. West most highly. He read his discourse in a very eloquent style: he is a fine-looking man, black or very dark-brown eyes, bald head, and a very fine, white, polished forehead.

Thursday. — Breakfasted with Hunter. Met Mr. Owen and other gentlemen. Mr. Owen invited me to dine with him at Mr. John Smith's, M.P. Here I felt painfully diffident or embar-

rassed, being conscious that I was in some measure the representative of my country, or that I might be taken as a specimen of Americans. The gentlemen present could know nothing of my history, and, of course, would set me down for just what I appeared to them: they did not even know that I was an artist. However, when I could say nothing to advantage, I listened attentively; and gained by the conversation, however much I failed to contribute to it.

Sunday, Dec. 28. — I am often vexed to hear the Americans abuse Mr. Hunter in the manner they do. I have spent much time in his company, and I think him one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. His opinions of men and things are entirely natural, free from the errors and prejudices that a conventional education is liable to give. He grew up, from his earliest recollection, among the Indians; whom he left about eight years ago, bringing nothing with him that nature did not dictate. He was then ignorant of every thing beyond the limits of his savage life. He first went to school at the age of nineteen or twenty; and the proficiency that he has made in the various branches of scholastic education proves the absurdity of the common opinion, that a man at twenty is too

old for studying the sciences, unless he has had the first principles beat into his head by schoolmasters. Mr. Hunter is a good English, and, I am told, a good Latin scholar. He is qualified to practise physic; he is a good mathematician; in short, there is scarcely a branch of science that he has not made some proficiency in. His society is courted by the great, partly, no doubt, because he is a wonder; but the very thing that makes him wonderful is that which reflects his greatest honor. I think him an honor to the country that claims him, and I am happy to find that he is devotedly attached to that country. My own want of education I feel constantly: but, after the example of Mr. Hunter, let me not complain; for, by following it, I can supply the deficiency. If the possession of learning is worth the pursuit of it, and can be obtained by industry, he who is ignorant has himself alone to blame, and is deservedly the victim.

1824, Jan. 7.—Went to see Sir William Beechy. After looking at his pictures for half an hour, was ushered into his presence. I like the man better than his pictures, though he has some capital things in his collection: they are, however, all works of his youthful and more vigorous days. He remembers Mr. Stuart, and thinks highly of him as an artist. Went last

night to the theatre; saw Madame Vestris in "The Beggar's Opera." She is one of the most angelic singers on the English stage; but she is one of the most abandoned of the female race, given up to every vice that can tarnish the female character: the bare mention of her name ought to bring a blush upon the cheek of modesty. To see such a woman cheered and applauded by a Christian audience is to me an unaccountable incongruity.

Jan. 14. — Began the portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. This was the first time that I ever had the honor of seeing one of the royal family; and, of course, my approach to this august personage was marked by some little palpitations of the heart: but his affable manners placed me entirely at my ease. In the course of the sitting, His Royal Highness spoke warmly of America, and said he felt a pleasure in being painted by an American artist. In this country, it is looked upon as a mark of great distinction to be allowed to paint one of the royal family. For this honor I am indebted to my friend Hunter. The duke is a prodigiously fat man, above six feet high, of very uncommon features, but not intellectual.

Monday, 19. — Finished the portrait of the duke. He seems well pleased with it, and

seems to take considerable interest in my success. All who have seen the portrait think it the best that ever was taken of His Royal Highness.

His Highness gave me a ticket to the Highland Society's dinner, an annual jubilee from time immemorial. This was the grandest affair I ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Some two hundred of the Highland chiefs and lairds, all in their appropriate costume, were assembled. Every man wore the plaid of his clan. There were five or six of us in black coats: we were placed at the foot of one of the long tables, and had a fine view of the company. Old and young were splendidly dressed, and a gorgeous sight it was. After the regular toasts, such as "The King," "The Royal Family," "The Ministers," and so on, volunteer toasts were given. The Duke of Sussex was the president, and was addressed as the Earl of Inverness; the clans considering that title higher than his English one.

At intervals, I tried to make some conversation with my black-coated neighbors; but their attention was apparently too much absorbed by what was going on at the other end of the table. Presently I saw the duke's servant coming down to our end of the table; and, ap-

proaching me, said, "His Royal Highness will take wine with you." I rose, and His Royal Highness half rose and bowed. Such a mark of distinction was felt by my taciturn neighbors. I found them sociable and very respectful after that. As soon as the dinner was despatched, the bagpipes were introduced, and the first note started the company to their feet, and nearly the whole assembly joined in the "Highland Fling." Many songs were sung: Miss Payton, afterward Mrs. Wood, sang some Scotch songs from the gallery. It was an exciting scene, and continued till a late hour. Some were "fu'," and all were "unco happy." As the duke retired, he honored me with a shake of his hand.

CHAPTER IV.

JAN. 20. — Set off for Holkham, Norfolk, to paint the portrait of Mr. Coke,—a period of great anxiety.

Jan. 21. — Arrived at Holkham at ten in the evening. Rang at the door, and was answered by a footman in powder, who announced me to the next servant; and my name rang through the long hall most awfully. One of the head servants then asked me if I would go to my room, or be introduced to the family. I chose the former. Next morning I went down to breakfast with trembling steps. As I passed through the long range of splendidly furnished apartments, the echo of the shutting doors, and even my own steps in these large rooms, was frightful; and what rendered my embarrassment greater was that I had never seen Mr. Coke, and had to introduce myself. At length, however, I reached the breakfast room, and was ushered into it. There were but a few persons in the room, and neither Mr. Coke nor Lady Anne were present. They soon came in, and broke the painful silence I was constrained to

observe. We soon were seated at table to the number of five and twenty ladies and gentlemen, the latter in their shooting dresses. Here I felt a little awkward, as the table arrangements were very different from any I had seen. In the centre of the room was placed a long table, around which the company were seated; and side-tables, loaded with cold meats and cold game, were resorted to by any one that wished for flesh or fowl. It struck me at first as being a queer sort of hospitality not to be asked to take this or that, but left to help myself or go without. Each calls for coffee, tea, or chocolate, as he fancies, without being asked which he prefers. After breakfast, I joined the shooting party: we set off in terrible array, with guns, dogs, and game-keepers; the older gentlemen mounted on horseback. In the course of the day, I shot about a dozen in all,—pheasants, partridges, and hares; and was withal excessively fatigued. At six, we sat down to a sumptuous dinner. The very men with whom I had been shooting and conversing freely all day, had so changed the "outer man" by throwing off their shooting habiliments, and putting on their finery, that I hardly recognized a single face at table. Every dish was of silver, gold knives and forks for dessert, and every

thing else about the table of corresponding costliness. The ladies retired about eight; and the gentlemen, with a few exceptions, gathered around a smaller table, and sat until nine, and then joined the ladies and took coffee. After coffee, some of the company retire to their rooms; others to side-tables to write letters; and such as have nothing else to do play whist or chess, or some other games, until ten, when a supper is served up on a side-table, where the company stand, and eat or drink what they wish. After supper, one after another calls for a bed-room candle, and goes to his room. None stop later than eleven o'clock.

Jan. 23. — Began the portrait of Mr. Coke, after which I amused myself by sauntering about the gallery. I found many excellent paintings, a fine statue gallery, and a splendid library. Mr. Coke is said to have one of the finest manuscript libraries in the kingdom.

The furniture of this house is in the most extravagant style. Lady Anne showed me the state-rooms, bedrooms, &c., which are magnificent. The bed-curtains of one of the beds cost eight guineas a yard: the rest of the furniture was equally costly. All the principal rooms are hung with tapestry. I had no idea of the wealth of an English gentleman until I came

here. Mr. Coke owns seventy thousand acres of productive land.

Mr. Coke is now, and always has been, an ardent admirer of America. He was the first to propose the recognition of our independence in the House of Commons. He is seventy-two years old, but retains all the mental vigor of a man of forty. He has, within two years, married a young wife of eighteen; and has by her a fine son to prop and support his declining years, and to inherit his large estates.

Wednesday, 27. — Commenced the portrait of Lady Anson, — a daughter of Mr. Coke, — upon a small scale. We breakfast at ten, lunch at two; and, at six, the party assemble in the drawing-room, in full dress, for dinner. Mr. Coke leads the lady of highest rank first; then follows the highest titled gentleman with Lady Anne, and the rest fall in according to rank or seniority. I am a good deal bothered with the titles we have here. "Your ladyship" and "your lordship" do not slip readily from my tongue.

There is great splendor in the dinner service, as well as in the attendants at table, of whom there are eight or ten in powdered livery as well as two out of livery, — the one, the butler; the other, a sort of master of ceremonies.

There is a large bell in one of the towers of

the hall, which is rung to announce the hours of breakfasting and dining. After breakfast, each lady goes to her room; and she enjoys entire freedom as to the disposition of her time during the day. Some order their carriages or horses, and drive or ride around the park. The gentlemen always go out shooting, unless they are prevented by bad weather.

Friday, 29. — Finished the portrait of Mr. Coke. The family are highly pleased with it. Began the portrait of Lady Andover's daughter. Mr. Adair, one of our visitors, has been ambassador at Constantinople, — a very pleasant gentleman.

Mr. Coke is most decidedly American in his feelings: he often says it is the only country where one spark of freedom is kept alive; and he regrets very much not having gone over at the termination of the revolutionary struggle, that he might have seen the brightest character that ever adorned the page of history.

Friday night, some itinerant jugglers came to the Hall to amuse the family. Their performance was indifferent enough; but it was interesting to see the household collected. There were about seventy domestics. After the performance, Mr. Coke told the steward to give them a couple of guineas, and send them away.

Feb. 1. — Commenced the portrait of Mr. Blakie, Mr. Coke's steward, on the kit-cat size, at thirty guineas.

Lady Anson has a most benevolent heart: she spends much of her time, and a good deal of her money, amongst the poor and destitute of the neighboring village. Mr. Coke has very humanely provided for the servants who have grown gray in his service, by building them neat little cottages near the Hall, with a small piece of ground attached for a garden; and, in some instances, he has given a pension for life. They seem as happy as men can be in this life. They are seen every day about three o'clock walking up to the Hall for their dinners. They, with the steward and a few other of the upper servants, dine together as sumptuously as their master.

London, Feb. 28. — Went to the Italian Opera House to witness the performance of a grand oratorio. Madame Catalini was the principal attraction: the power of her voice far surpasses that of any singer I ever heard before. Besides sacred pieces, which she gave to admiration, she sang "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia;" and she so riveted my attention that I knew not what I did. I shouted "Rule Britannia," &c., as loud and as loyally as

the best Englishman present. There were one hundred and forty performers, vocal and instrumental. The house is magnificent; there are four rows of boxes, all hung with red curtains, and splendidly upholstered.

On Thursday night I received a ticket from the Duke of Sussex to attend a dinner in support of old and indigent Jews, and for the education of the young; the duke in the chair. There were about two hundred present. After the cloth was removed, and usual toasts drunk, and speeches made, the school of children was introduced to the number of fifty. Each had some specimen of his skill in mechanics in his hand, a chair or shoes, &c. One of the little girls, about eight years old, and of most interesting appearance, recited a piece of poetry which had been written for the occasion. The lines were full of pathos, and delivered with astonishing force. This little manœuvre had a most powerful effect upon the company. The duke rose to speak; but he was so moved with pity, that the tears ran down his cheeks in a flood: nor were the golden drops of the company shed less profusely. The subscription amounted to twenty-three hundred guineas.

The Duke of Sussex is a much better speaker than his brother York, whom I heard at the

"Theatrical Fund" dinner; but he is not an eloquent nor a strong-minded man. His goodness of heart, however, makes ample amends for all want of brilliancy.

Monday, March 14. — Went to the House of Lords; and, through the kindness of the Duke of Sussex, was fortunate enough to get a front seat, on the foot of the throne, — a place set apart for the sons of noblemen, and foreign ambassadors. The debate, upon the recognition of the independence of South America, was extremely interesting. The Marquis of Lansdowne was the mover of the question, and he supported it most ably and eloquently; but, as it was a party question, his eloquence was in vain: the motion was lost by a large majority. The house is as uninteresting within as it is without. The custom of seating the lord chancellor on the woolsack is too ridiculous and barbarous for the present stage of civilization. There are three sacks, about ten feet in length, two feet high and perhaps four feet wide, so put together as to form three sides of a square; the lord chancellor sits on the centre sack, the clerks on the others. The wigs, which the lords wear, are still less dignified in their appearance.

Tuesday, March 6. — Sent the portraits of Mr. Perkins, Owen, Anson, and myself, to Somer-

set House. I tremble for their fate. I can't hope for more than to have two of them admitted.

Saturday, April 10. — Breakfasted with Mr. Owen. He is very confident of success in his attempts at universal reform. He is plain in his appearance, and simple in his manners, but strong in argument.

Monday, April 20. — Went with Mr. Neale and Mr. Humphries to Greenwich Fair, about six miles from town. We got into a boat at Westminster Bridge, and had a most charming sail down the Thames. Some thousands of town and country folks were assembled, and enjoying themselves in every variety of way. In addition to the Smithfield amusements, they have a singular mode of amusing themselves by rolling down a very steep and grassy hill: boys and girls are seen rolling and tumbling together in every direction and position.

The grand Hospital for Decayed Seamen is situated here. The building itself is extremely beautiful, and the effect is enhanced by the river which washes one side of the grand area: the surrounding landscape, harmonizing so well with the whole, renders the scene enchanting. It is delightful, too, to know that two thousand inva-

lids are sharing a nation's gratitude. One sees contentment reigning in the faces of hundreds who are deprived of half their limbs. They are well-fed and well-clad, in a half-military uniform.

Monday, 26. — Commenced the portrait of Mr. Henry Anson. Delightful weather. Sunday called with Hunter upon the Duke of Sussex. He was very polite and kind. Mr. Hunter and I took a long walk, and thought and talked about our country; compared it to England: the result was favorable to the land of our birth. In the course of our rambling, we got into a boat, and floated with the tide from the Waterloo Bridge to the Iron Bridge. On the Thames we had a most beautiful view of the city. The sun was just setting, but still shone bright upon St. Paul's stupendous dome, and some other prominent points of the city, such as Somerset House, the Adelphi, &c.; and, as we floated along under the several bridges, which never look so strikingly grand as when seen from beneath, we concluded it would be many years before our country could boast such monuments of art. In viewing Waterloo Bridge, we were led to speak of the event which this stupendous work perpetuates; from that, to the captivity of Napoleon; of the indelible stain that event has cast

upon the great conqueror of the age, — what magnanimity he had it in his power to show by treating this once powerful but now fallen foe like a Christian, instead of dooming him to waste his life in exile like a pirate.

Thursday, 29.—Dined with Mr. Everett; met Mr. and Mrs. Appleton and others; a pleasant party.

Spring is now opening, and all nature seems to smile again; fruit-trees in full blossom. How delightful to the eye, after being shut up in fog and smoke for six months, to see the green fields once more displaying their charms! But spring approaches so gradually here, that one does not feel that pleasure which one feels in the Northern States of America, where the transition from snow to verdure is so quick, that, before one can say spring approaches, it is already arrived. How delightful to meet old and intimate friends in a foreign land! Dr. Robbins and wife and Miss Pickard, who have just arrived, make me forget that I am in a strange country.

Saturday, 29.—Began the portrait of the Rev. ——, recommended by Leslie. He is a country clergyman; and, from his Jewing disposition, I should judge he had more taste in tithes than pictures. He spent at least one hour of his pre-

cious life in a fruitless attempt to lower my price.

I feel myself improving in every picture I paint. Nine-tenths of the pictures that are painted in London are execrably bad.

Monday, May 3. — Somerset House opened this day. This is a grand display altogether. Portraiture is the branch of art in which the English School stands pre-eminent. Sir Thomas Lawrence, Jackson, Shee, Phillips, Sir Wm. Beechy, and one or two others, stand high; but Sir Thomas towers above them all. In the small cabinet pictures, after Wilkie, Leslie stands first. His picture of Sancho Panza in the apartment of the duchess is a beautifully-told story, and commands great admiration. He devoted six months of hard study to it, and it was time well-spent. Newton has a very clever picture of the "Patient in spite of himself," which evinces more talent than industry in the author. He affects a contempt for the minutiæ of his pictures, and, instead of giving them an agreeable finish, leaves them undetermined in the outline, and unfinished in effect. My own portraits do not look as well as I thought they would: they want the broad effect so necessary in this exhibition. On going into the room, I wished there was to be another exhibition im-

mediately, that I might shun the defects in my next that I saw so plainly in these. The greatest advantage I shall derive from this exhibition is the opportunity of comparing myself with others. It was sickening, on first going into the room, to see some of my pictures so badly placed; but, on a little reflection, I thought I was placed as well as I deserve.

May 13. — Obtained a ticket of admission to the Marquis of Stafford's collection, which admits me every Wednesday of this and next month. A fine collection, containing many of the old masters.

Monday, 17. — In the evening, went to the opera; saw a part of an Italian opera, and an English after-piece. In the course of the evening Madame Catalini sung three songs, which were delightful, and of course were encored. The entrance to the house is in the Haymarket; and, an hour before the doors opened, the rush was so great that I really thought my life in danger, women screaming, men swearing and fighting. My friend Barnaby and I took our seats in the pit; and, as we were waiting for the performance to begin, we were standing upon the benches, when an insolent fellow crowded between us, or rather crowded the captain out of his seat. As the captain was a

small man, I took the liberty of hoisting the intruder out pretty roughly. Nothing but my size saved me from a row.

Thursday, 20. — Dined with Mr. Bowker. Met several gentlemen of the bar; also Mr. Cox, a very amusing poet; heard many pleasing anecdotes. Before dinner went to see the grand display of gentry and nobility. This was the grand drawing-room of the palace of St. James. A line of carriages stretched from the foot of St. James Street to the top of Bond Street, all in their grandest trappings. I crowded my way, or rather was forced down by the current, to the bottom of St. James, where I stood for a half-hour looking on like the rest of the astonished multitude. The courtiers would in the most condescending manner allow the crowd to see them through the windows of their carriages, whilst their faces seemed to express the greatest contempt for the plebeian rabble. I felt a good deal vexed, but relieved myself, as soon as the crowd allowed me. to withdraw from a place where I should have been ashamed to have been seen by any of my acquaintances.

Sunday, June 6. — Got into a coach with my friend Humphries, and went to view the beauties of Richmond. The weather was as fine as heart could wish, and the country as beautiful as

nature and art combined could make it. One of the richest views I ever beheld is that from Richmond Hill. The Thames is seen winding its way for many miles through a highly cultivated valley: Richmond is nearly at the extremity of the tide-water. I was much disappointed in the size of the renowned river Thames; it is less than the Mohawk in New York.

The man who has a farm in England is a fool to sell it with a view to bettering his condition in America or any other country; nor would I advise any man of genius or talent of any sort to leave this country; but I would advise the hard-working farmer or mechanic to try his fortune in a land where there is a chance, after a life of toil, to lay his bones in his own ground, which I consider to be out of his power here. The children of the English aspire to nothing higher than the station of their fathers; and it is a happy circumstance, since the hope of rising is almost vain. They may say what they will of slavery in America; yet the fact is clear to those who will take the trouble to look into the condition of the peasantry of this country, that there is more real slavery in this land of boasted liberty than there is in America. It takes one hundred peasants to make one lord

or master; and there is a greater disparity between the man and his master than there is between the slave and his master.

Monday, 14th. — Went with Mr. Everett and family to Epsom Races. This was a grand affair; great crowd of vehicles of all sorts from a barouche down to a donkey-cart. We had our dinner with us, as is the custom with all, and a most sumptuous one it was, — cold turkeys, chickens, champagne, &c.

Mr. Coke was at Somerset House, looking about without a catalogue, and pronounced the portrait of the Duke of Devonshire, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the portrait of Mr. Owen, by myself, to be the best in the room, — so says Lady Anson. This pleased me much: at the same time I knew he was not correct; but such is the insatiable desire that man has for distinction, that he is willing to give ear to the most extravagant flattery, and will try hard to reconcile it to himself, however absurd it may be.

Sunday, 20th. — Attended divine service at Westminster Abbey. The sermon may have been well or ill, it was all the same to me; my mind was completely absorbed in matters foreign to religious instruction. Yet I never in my life felt so sensibly the true sublimity of religion.

as I did while gazing on this wondrous pile. The organ fills one with devotional feelings; and it is impossible to look at the monuments and grandeur of architecture that surround one, without an elevation of feeling which bids earthly thoughts stand aside.

Sunday, 27th. — Yet in doubt, whether it is my duty to stay another year in this country, or go home to my family and friends. Life is short at best: then why not spend it in a way that will be most conducive to our happiness while here? I have duties to perform towards my wife and four helpless children: ought I not, then, to live with them, and discharge those duties? These and the like thoughts are constantly haunting my mind. But then, I have made choice of a profession in which I am most anxious and determined to excel. The charm of distinction is dazzling my eyes continually. I have already excited a warm interest with many friends in my behalf: to fail, therefore, would be painful beyond description. To return to Boston, and receive a cold welcome where I have been so warmly patronized, would be a sore wound to my pride, and ice to my ambition. Yet it is but fair to count upon this in some degree. Public favors and opinion are capricious. There was something novel, perhaps, in

my history that contributed more to my unheard-of success than any merit I possessed as a painter. The fact of a man's coming from the backwoods of America, entirely uneducated, to paint even a tolerable portrait, was enough to excite some little interest. That source of interest will be cut off on my return. I shall be judged of as one having had all the advantages of the best schools of art in Europe; and the probability is, that more will be expected of me than is in the power of almost any man to perform.

Saturday, July 30. — Introduced to Irving, by Leslie. He is very pleasing in his manners; talks with great volubility, at the same time has a little hesitation, or want of fluency, in conversation.

Called upon the Duke of Sussex. He recommends to me to send for my wife, and make England my home.

Aug. 3. — Called upon the Duke of Sussex, and got a letter to the Duke of Hamilton. On the fourth, gave up my rooms, and set off for Scotland. Arrived here (York) at half-past nine, the ninth. It is with great difficulty I can understand the Yorkshire dialect. The cathedral here is sublime. I went to the top of the grand tower, which measures sixty-five feet

square on the top, and affords one of the finest views of high cultivation that I ever saw. The cathedral is five hundred and twenty feet long. The town of York is a walled city: it has four public entrances through strong gates. Left York on Friday, at ten. The country is delightful. From London to York, and, indeed, in every other direction from London, the coachmen are fat and red-faced, answering faithfully the description given by Irving. They will certainly weigh from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds each; but, after leaving York for Scotland, the likeness is lost. They are like the coachmen of London, commonly called jarvies,— dirty, and lean as greyhounds. The reason is, probably, that they have to take care of their own horses, as they drive only one stage.

Arrived in Glasgow at five on Sunday morning.

Tuesday. — Walked about Glasgow with my friend Pattison. Saw the Museum, the High-Church Cathedral, and many other objects of interest. This town is almost exclusively a manufacturing town, — glass and cotton goods, but principally the latter.

Wednesday. — Got into a coach with Pattison, and set off for New Lanark, the seat of Mr. Owen's great experiment. We arrived at Lan-

ark about noon, where all was gayety. It was the annual fair. We dined with Mr. Owen at six o'clock. He lives in good style, keeps open house to those who visit his establishment, and every thing is comfortable about him. The family is very interesting.

Thursday. — Went down to the new village, and through all the different mills. Heard the classes at their recitations; little boys and girls, from three to five, answering questions in geography. Mr. Owen asked a little creature, not more than four years old, what country I lived in; telling him the Atlantic divided my country from this. He first said the Brazils, then Columbia, then North America. The most perfect order prevails in every department of the establishment. The children are as happy at their lessons as they are at their play. Every thing indicates contentment. The oldest class of boys is comprised of those ten years old and under. They study natural history, botany, mineralogy, mathematics, and music. Many of them perform well on different instruments: they dance four sets of cotillions at once; their dancing would not disgrace a London drawing-room. I never witnessed a more interesting sight than this.

To see children taken from the lowest dregs

of society, and taught to enjoy all the blessings of refined life, and at an expense entirely within their own reach, is to every feeling mind a treat of the highest order. The parents of these children, and all above ten years old, work in the mills eight hours each day. Their pay enables them to buy every comfort that nature requires. There is a store here containing every thing they want to eat, drink, or wear. The goods are laid in at the lowest rate, and cost and charges are all that is required for them. By this means, the goods are sold at thirty per cent lower rate than they would be otherwise. If, after the deduction of all the expenses of the establishment, there should be any money remaining, it is appropriated to the general good, such as buying medicines, paying physicians, &c.

The village is beautifully situated on the Clyde, with rugged and romantic scenery about it. The houses are built of stone; generally three, and sometimes four, stories high, with every convenience possible for cooking, &c.

Saturday. — Went to the Falls of the Clyde, about two miles above New Lanark. The water falls about thirty feet perpendicularly, with beautiful scenery around. About a mile from Lanark on the Courtland Craigs, a place famous

for warlocks and witches in olden times, is the cave where Wallace hid himself.

There is at this time here a Mr. Flower from Indiana, who is authorized by Mr. Rapp of New Harmony to sell his establishment. Mr. Owen seems too credulous. Mr. Flower draws a "long bow," now and then; and has so far worked upon Mr. Owen as to persuade him to go out and see the place. Mr. Flower is all the time representing Indiana as the most important State in the Union. This I can see through readily enough, as he has a large estate adjoining New Harmony, which would be much improved by such a settlement as Mr. Owen would probably make. I advise Mr. Owen to try his plans in Massachusetts, or some other of the old States, where there is a more crowded population as well as a greater portion of intellect. But Mr. Flower will succeed, I fear.

Monday. — Set off for Hamilton. Staid at the inn. Tuesday morning, sent my letter with my address to the palace; but it was soon returned, with direction from the footman, that "all letters to His Grace must come through the post-office." This I afterwards learned was to avoid refusing, more directly, admittance to the gallery, as there were so many applications that the family were constantly annoyed. I took the letter, and

went to the palace with the resolve to see His Grace, if possible. After waiting half an hour, the duke came out from the breakfast table, and very politely asked me into the breakfast room, and invited me to take breakfast; but I declined the honor, and made my business known to him, which was to request the duke to sit for a picture for the Duke of Sussex. He readily complied, and asked me to send for my portmanteau, and take up my residence with him.

I soon commenced the portrait. The day passed off very happily in looking at the pictures of the old masters, of which here are hundreds. Five o'clock came, and I began to dress for dinner. Felt rather aguish from fear, and wished the ordeal of dinner well over. Six o'clock came at last, and I was ushered into the dining-room. In a short time I began to realize that my titled companions were very like other people; and, in a short time more, my nerves became steady, though I could not entirely refrain from moving my knife and fork a little, or playing with my bread, or in some other awkward way betraying my want of ease. There was a display of great magnificence; servants all in livery, splendid plate. The duchess and her daughter retired early; and, about nine, the gentlemen followed them. The duchess

made tea with her own fair hand, and was besides very agreeable. At half-past eleven, I set off for bed; and, on my way, thanked my stars that it was all over, and matters stood no worse.

The palace is two hundred and sixty-five feet long by two hundred broad. The picture gallery is a hundred and thirty-five long, full of old cabinets and other curious furniture. I am obliged to own to myself that this style of living is very charming: every thing around one savors strongly of title, wealth, and antiquity. We breakfast at ten, lunch at two, and dine at six. The duchess is pretty, witty, and sociable. Lord Archibald Hamilton is staying here at this time, and is a very clever man. I think I shall succeed very well. All the household servants have been in to look at the picture, and say it could not be more like. As I walk about the grounds, the laborers, old and young, lift their hats as I pass them. This respect and reverence sit but ill on me, who have been all the early part of life in as humble a sphere as those who pay it. What freak of fortune is this which has raised me from the hut in my native wilds to the table of a duke of the realm of Great Britain! By another freak, I may be sent back to the hovel again, but not to enjoy those inno-

cent pleasures that were mixed with the toils of boyhood.

Sunday. — Walked to Bothwell Brig; then to Bothwell Castle. The gardener showed me the gardens and hot-houses, and the grounds, that are laid off most beautifully. We left this fertile spot for one calculated to awaken feelings of no ordinary nature. As we bent our course to the castle, we suddenly came into a full view of it, at about half a mile's distance from it, up the Clyde. It is strikingly beautiful as seen from this point. It stands upon a high bank, which has a frightful descent to the river below. One side of the castle is in tolerably good repair or preservation, but almost overgrown with ivy. The sun was bright, and there was not a breath to disturb the solemn silence that prevailed amidst these relics of ancient grandeur. One side of the castle has fallen to the ground; and large trees, at least a foot through, are growing on the heavy masses of stone, that were too strongly cemented to be broken. Larch-trees, two feet through, are now standing where the principal breach was made, like mighty conquerors viewing their fallen foe. The wall is about six feet thick, built of rough stone; and, wherever there are any crevices in it, vegetation is seen shooting forth. One who has not visited these or

like ruins can form no idea of their sublimity. I sat down upon one of the stones that were formerly a part of this once impregnable fortress, and calmly viewed the surrounding walls. I thought of the thousands who had died in their defence: the same sun shone on them that now shines on me. They were as full of ambition as I am, and thought as little of this generation as I do of those yet unborn; and where are they now?

There is a finely built, showy, modern house standing within sight of these ruins; but it is only a dull reality: there is none of the poetry of association to make one pause to look at it a second time.

Sunday night. — After dinner, took leave of the family. The duke urged me to stay a few days longer. The duchess wished me every success, and Lord Archibald pressed me to call on him in London. The duke said, if it was at any time in his power to serve me, he should be most happy to do so. He ordered a portrait of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex. He advised me not to think of returning to my own country for the present. Thus ended a visit of ten days that I shall long remember with delight and gratitude.

Monday. — Left the palace for Glasgow at nine o'clock.

Tuesday morning. — Set off with Pattison and a small party of ladies for the Highlands: we crossed overland from Helensburgh to Loch Lomond, a distance of eight or nine miles. We got in sight of the loch about three o'clock; and, after taking our tea, we set off in a small row-boat for Ben Lomond, a distance of five miles. The day was fine. I wrote on the loch, in my pocket memorandum-book, "In the middle of the loch, just as the sun is gilding the highest peaks of Ben Lomond. How heavenly the scene! The red clouds behind Ben Lomond look like fairy-land, only more beautiful: all is still as the grave, save the plashing of the oars; the high mountains on either side are reflected in the crystal waters; the sun has just bid adieu to the highest rock of the mountain: no scene on earth can be more enchanting." The loch is about four miles wide on an average, and very pure, cold water. We landed just at twilight, and entered a dirty Highland hut, called an inn, at the foot of Ben Lomond. Had my supper, and went to bed, but not to sleep; horrible beds, dirty sheets, and a very small room for two of us. We rose early, got a little breakfast, such as it was; and then four of us, Mr. P., Miss P., Miss Monteith, and Miss Park, set off for the top of the mountain. The moun-

tain is between three and four thousand feet above the loch: the manner in which we were obliged to wind our way up made a distance of about six miles to the top. The day proved very fine, though we were occasionally enveloped in clouds that were scudding along the side of the hill. At last we reached the top, which was far above any clouds that were flying. What a singular sensation was produced by looking down upon the clouds! We amused ourselves with throwing down large stones. The hundred mountains in view, the lights and shades, the blue mist, and the most picturesque outline that can be formed, made the scene as heavenly as any thing earthly can be.

We staid on the hill an hour or two, and then descended. After a bad dinner, got on to a steamboat, and steamed down the loch. On our way to Dumbarton, we passed the house where Smollett was born. It stands on the beautiful river Severn, which is the outlet of the loch. The house is small, and of no interest, except as having been the birthplace of this great man. Just opposite stands a small but neat monument to his memory. We arrived just before sunset at Dumbarton Castle; and, in order to see it, concluded to stay all night. The castle is kept by a governor and a few soldiers.

It is said to be a miniature of Gibraltar: it is a solid mass of rock: on the top is a spring of pure water. From it we had a charming view of the Clyde, both up and down.

Left Glasgow, Monday, Aug. 30, for Stirling; went a part of the way in a canal-boat. Reached Stirling at four o'clock; very clear, fine weather. Went direct from the coach to the top of the castle, which affords one of the richest views I ever saw, except that from the top of Mount Holyoke, in Northampton. The Frith of Forth winds through a very fertile valley. The castle stands upon a rock one hundred and ninety feet above tide-water, and is in good repair, well garrisoned, with guns mounted. It looks to me impregnable.

Left at six next morning for Edinburgh, in a steamboat; passed through a rich country. Arrived at "The Black Bull" at one o'clock. This is a splendid town of palaces, all of stone, and from five to ten stories high. Went through the castle of Edinburgh. Saw the crown of the Scottish kings: it is shown by lamplight, and seen through a strong iron cage, such as lions and tigers are generally exhibited in. The castle is not unlike that at Stirling, strongly garrisoned. Went to see the new Bridewell; saw some poor condemned wretches at work on the tread-mill.

Went to Holyrood House. This is a splendid palace: the greater part of it is in perfect repair: the chapel is in beautiful ruin. In the centre of the chapel is the burying-ground of the Scotch nobility.

Thursday, Sept. 3. — Called upon Blackwood, and found him very civil. He said it was singular that Leslie, Newton, and myself should appear to him so soon after the article in his magazine giving so minutely the characteristics of each.

At four o'clock, left Edinburgh for Glasgow.

Sunday, 6th. — Spent the day at Dunoon, a place opposite Gouroch. In the course of the day, we took a boat, and rowed up the "Holy Loch," a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded on three sides by high and steep hills. At the foot of one of these stands the vault of the family of Argyle. It is situated in the centre of an old church-yard, with two platforms, about ten feet wide and two feet high, on which the coffins of many generations of the Argyle family lie. Some of the bodies are embalmed. The coffins are richly decorated with the arms of the family. I sat down upon one of these coffins, and could not help comparing the ashes that slept within, with those of his vassals that lay unheeded in the yard without. The one

was now as motionless as the other; the one was now as powerless as the other; the same grave had opened for both, and yet how different their lots in this world! There was something awfully solemn in this tabernacle of the dead. The faint light from one small window made even my companions look like inhabitants of the place: we were glad to return to the cheerful light of day.

Monday, I returned to Glasgow.

Saturday, 12th.—A call from J. S. Knowles and Macready.

Saturday, 19th.—We went over the grounds of the Duke of Argyle. Saw a great many cypress and yew trees, two of the former measuring eighteen feet in circumference.

Monday, 20th.—Returning this morning from the Athenæum, I met a respectable merchant, and asked, "What news?" as carelessly as one asks "Are all well at home?" He replied, "No news, no news at all. I have been looking through the 'Courier', and find nothing."—"But," said I, "did you not notice the death of the two monarchs, Louis XVIII. and Iturbide?"—"Oh! yes, I saw that; but it will have no effect at all upon trade." This is a fair specimen of the trading class of this great and populous city.

CHAPTER V.

WEDNESDAY, 7th. — Made up my mind to leave the city, and consequently settled with my landlady; received pay for my labors, and took an affectionate farewell of my friends. I got on to a steamboat at ten o'clock, and sailed for Belfast, Ireland. This is a fine town, containing about fifty thousand inhabitants. Mr. Spurr, one of my fellow-travellers, agreed to go on to Dublin with me; so we set off for that place in high spirits. We passed through many very neat villages and towns, much more so than the like towns in England or Scotland; but they say this is the gem of the Emerald Isle. The scenery in some parts is very fine.

We travelled over a great deal of the peat or turf country. We passed by the Marquis of Cunningham's seat, on the Boyne. The high cultivation, and the beautiful little fall in the river, make this spot most enviable. The river is about the size of the Deerfield River. At seven o'clock, we arrived in the great city of Dublin.

Saturday morning it set in to rain, and continued to rain and blow a hurricane until Wednesday. I spent the greater part of the day in calling upon the artists of Dublin. I had a letter to Mr. Comerford, a protegé of Mr. Stuart, who is the principal artist (a miniature painter) in Ireland.

Monday. — Dined with Mr. Comerford; found a delightful party of artists. After the cloth was removed, Mr. Comerford proposed as a toast, "America and her Artists." I returned thanks, &c.

Tuesday. — Still a most dreadful storm; accounts of many wrecks at Kingston, and along the coast. Visited the public buildings. Dublin is a fine city; equal, if not superior, to Edinburgh. Yet it is a deserted town. How galling must it be to the feelings of a proud Irishman to see this decay of his nation's greatness! The splendid Parliament House is now converted into a banking-house; the mansions of their nobility are used as boarding-houses, hotels, &c.

Tuesday. — Dined with Mr. Cummins, an amateur artist; a delightful party. In the morning, went with Mr. Comerford to Kingston, a distance of five miles, to see the effects of the gale. It was a horrible sight; wrecks in every quar-

Here I had the mortification to see the frigate Essex, that had been taken during the last war, — a prison hulk.

Wednesday, 13th. — Left Dublin for Holyhead in the king's steam-packet. There was a tremendous sea rolling, in consequence of the late gale. Landed at Holyhead at two o'clock. Took a coach to Shrewsbury; slept at Bangor. At this place is now building a suspension bridge; the distance from one pier to another is five hundred and seventy feet, and very high: a ship under full sail can go under it.

Saturday, 15th. — Arrived safe in London. Called upon my friends and patrons, but found the most of them had left town. When I first arrived in London (in August, 1823), I was told that "everybody was out of town." I could not then understand it, but now I feel the truth of the remark. Spent a week in looking at the "wonders."

Sunday, set off for the Duke of Norfolk's, at Fornham, Bury St. Edmunds. Arrived at three.

Monday morning, after breakfast, took a post-chaise to Fornham, a distance of two miles, for which I paid ten shillings. I had only paid twelve shillings from London to Bury. Cursed this imposition; but, as I was going to the duke's, it ill became me to complain. Arrived

at the Hall at ten o'clock. Found His Grace with a small party at breakfast. He was very polite; introduced me to Sir Edward Codrington, Dr. Walliston, and several other gentlemen. He was engaged for the day, so could not give me a sitting; but gave me a good horse, and introduced me to his factor. We rode all over the duke's grounds. In the course of the day, we went into the Court of Sessions. Nothing can be more ridiculous, in my estimation, than the gowns and wigs of the lawyers. Heard some sharp disputation, tinctured with sarcasm. I never heard so much confusion in any of our pettifogging courts in my life.

The duke lives in splendid style. Servants in every direction to attend one's nod. The Dukedom of Norfolk is the finest in the realm.

Tuesday. — Commenced the portrait; after which, the duke invited us all to ride with him over his farms. He is a great agriculturist. His farms are as well conducted as any in the country. His farmhouses are not only comfortable, but would be called splendid in America. Stables, barns, yards, &c., in the very best condition. We returned about five to dress for dinner. The conversation in this circle is generally upon the " sports of the field," or the " turf," the

"breed of hounds," the "pedigree of a horse," &c. Politics are seldom touched upon. The variety of wines commands, of course, a share of table-talk.

Thursday. — Going on very well with the picture. Sir Edward, I find, was at the battle of New Orleans, and feels not a little sore on account of the rough reception the British met with there.

Friday night, all hands went to the theatre at Bury. The duke had "ordered a play:" so, after dinner, which was early, we set off in two carriages. The theatre was very much crowded; and, when *we* entered the box that was appropriated to the duke, all eyes were turned upon us. Probably, for this once at any rate, I was taken for one of the great ones.

Monday, Nov. 1. — Finished the head of the duke. It is said by the company present to be the best portrait that has been taken of him. He has asked me to make a copy of it for him, and has promised to give me a sitting in town. He thinks I am mistaken in going back to America. He says America is too young for the arts to flourish.

Tuesday morning. — Took leave of His Grace. He made many professions of friendship. He sent his carriage with me to Bury. As I ap-

proached the inn, I observed a good deal of bustle among the attendants and hangers-on. I soon guessed the reason. The duke's carriage could contain no ordinary personage. I waited for a short time, until the coach came up; and the first thing the landlord did was to whisper in the coachman's ear, who was remarkably civil during the journey.*

Wednesday evening, Nov. 18. — Left London for Dover, at which place we arrived at four, P.M. As the boat left immediately for Calais, I could see nothing of the place. The boat had been detained two days by head winds blowing a gale. It was doubtful at first whether we should go

* I have often heard my father tell a little incident which occurred, I think, upon this journey. His fellow-travellers, seeing him drive up in the duke's coach, took it for granted he was a man of rank; and, judging from his appearance that he was a military man, gave him the title of Colonel. They were very obsequious, and were so talkative, and used his imaginary title so frequently, that my father grew weary of it; and, turning to them, at last, said with some dignity, "General, if you please." But the higher his rank, the more persistent their attentions. At last the conversation turned upon America and American women, whom his companions depreciated in a way which aroused my father's indignation; and he warmly undertook their defence. They looked at him in surprise; and one at last remarked, "You feel strongly about this matter." — "And well I may," was the reply; "for I have an American woman for my wife, and an American woman for my mother." After this he was troubled with no more superfluous attentions.

or not; but the captain concluded to try it, and at ten we set off. I never experienced so disagreeable a motion in my life. The waves were rolling directly across our path, and our little boat was tossed about like an egg-shell. Every soul on board, but the sailors, was sick. At three o'clock we made the port of Calais. Here, for the first time since I left home, I feel like a stranger. Every thing that meets my eyes or ears is foreign. The appearance of the city and its inhabitants is strikingly different from any thing that I ever met before. Calais is considered impregnable: it is a walled town. Great trouble and vexation at the custom-house.

Next morning we set off for Paris in a diligence. The English say a great deal of our bad roads and bad carriages; but they have only to cross the channel to find, not only worse roads and worse coaches, but worse-looking establishments altogether. The horses are driven by rope lines, — two wheel and three lead horses. The coachman rides postilion, and the horses jog on at the rate of about five miles an hour. As we travelled by night, we necessarily lost some of the views worth travelling for. We passed through two walled towns during the night, each of which I had a strong desire to see. The gates of each town were shut, and

some little ceremony was necessary to get us through.

Saturday. — Clear and cold. I rode by the side of the *conducteur* the greater part of the day; but, as he did not speak or understand one word of English, our conversation was very much confined to gesture. Nothing of especial interest during the day; passed some neat towns. At eight in the evening, we arrived in Paris, and stopped at the Hotel de Maurice.

Sunday, 13th. — After breakfast we set out in quest of wonders. The first thing we came upon was the Tuileries, then the gardens, then the Seine. The view from the toll-bridge is the most picturesque I have ever seen. I spend hours of the most exquisite delight in looking at this scene. The Louvre was open to the public, at least the new one; so we passed in without any difficulty. From what I had seen and read of the French artists, I was very much prejudiced against them; but, to my delight, I found the *exposition* full of good pictures of every class, except portraits, and there were a few of those that were not bad. In the higher walks of art, they stand decidedly above the English. The English artists say the French are full of affectation; but I think there is as much affectation in the English, and of a

less pardonable nature. A slovenly finish, and a contempt for the minutiæ of nature, seem to possess the English; while a love of the sublime, and a high finish, given even to the most trifling object, seem the ruling passion of the French. The latter have too much "school," while the former have too little. By far the greater part of the French pictures are of the highest walks of art, while those of the English are of the lowest. Some of the large pictures in the present exhibition give me great delight; one in particular, by Cogniet, of Caius Marius on the ruins of Carthage. It is nearer perfection than any, either ancient or modern, that I have seen. It has poetry in every inch of it. The exhibition is full of beautiful interiors of cathedrals, convents, &c., and a great many in the style of Wilkie; but their portraits are, in general, wretchedly bad. There are two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which shine like diamonds among rubbish. Bowman and I joined in procuring some casts, and other materials for drawing.

After looking through the Louvre, we took a walk through the Tuileries Gardens. Here is a sight that is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Although the season of gayety has gone by, and the trees are leafless, yet the ap-

pearance to me was grand and enchanting. The fine groups of statues in marble, that one meets at every turn, are objects of no little interest to me. Although it was Sunday, we saw in the course of our walk several groups of children singing and dancing, while their parents and friends looked on with great interest. How different this is from the rigid Puritanism of the Scotch! Whether it be right or wrong, I will not attempt to say; but this much I must confess, it is innocent enjoyment to them, and conducive to good feeling between the children.

I am all impatience to get to painting again. I think I have benefited from looking at the French, as well as the antique, pictures. Am getting on a little in my French.

Wednesday.—Dined with Mr. Brown. At six, Washington Irving, Mr. Bowdoin, Mr. Prince, and Mr. Finch, called for me with a carriage. This did not look like a dinner "without ceremony." Not a little astonished to find eight or ten ladies assembled in the drawing-room. Had a sumptuous dinner, but rather stiff. I was seated by Lady Harvey, who is very affected in her manners. A ludicrous mistake occurred on the occasion of my making a ceremonious call upon Mr. Brown, after the dinner party. It was raining and very muddy; and, as I stood in

the hall, wiping my feet, I said to the porter, by way of practising my French, "Il fait mauvais temps." He respectfully replied, "Oui, monsieur;" and immediately I heard "Mons. Mauvais Temps" resounding up the stairway from one servant to another, to the great amusement of the party in the parlor, who, as soon as they saw me, comprehended the joke.

Last Saturday night, went to the Italian opera to see "Othello." The character of Desdemona, by Madame Pasta, was the most perfect thing possible: the character of Othello was also admirably played. Although I could not understand the language, yet the music and gesture were so impressive that I could hardly contain myself. I could scarcely keep my seat during the last act: not a breath was heard from the audience during the performance. There is a charm in the Italian music which no other music possesses.

Went on Saturday to the Louvre. The French artists have more merit than I was at first disposed to give them. Their knowledge of anatomy is great: they draw well, and perhaps adhere as closely to nature as the English in point of color; yet they evince a want of taste in their choice. They generally choose the coldest light. But there is often a want of har-

mony about their pictures, as if their heads were painted in one light, the hands and drapery in another.

Tuesday. — I went to see the grand library in Rue Richelieu: this is the finest establishment of the kind I have seen. Went also to see the model of the great elephant, commenced by Napoleon. This is about fifty feet high: it was to have been of bronze, and to serve as a fountain to supply the city, or a part of it, with water.

Wednesday. — Bowman, Hayden, and myself set off for Versailles, which is twelve miles from the city. We first surveyed the grand palace, which is allowed by all to be the finest in the world. To go into a minute detail of all that I saw there, would be the work of a day. The palace has no furniture excepting pictures. The paintings were mostly done in the reign of Louis XIV., and much better than any the present age can produce. We then visited the great and little Trianon. The gardens of the latter are, I believe, thirty miles in circumference. The fountains are very numerous, and around each are allegorical figures.

Monday. — Went with Bowman to view Père la Chaise, the common burying-ground of Catholic citizens of Paris. The most ordinary of the

monuments has something tasteful, either in the workmanship of the stone, or the decorations. Garlands of flowers are woven around the stones. This decorating the graves of departed friends is perhaps a weakness; yet it certainly is an amiable one, and can have no bad effect. On the contrary, it keeps alive that tender feeling of respect for the memory of those once loved, which all who live are so ready to hope for when they shall be numbered amongst the dead.

Tuesday. — Determined to go to London this week. Went to see the celebrated painting in the dome of St. Genevieve Chapel, or, more commonly called, the Pantheon, by Baron du Bos (created by Charles X.). It is a masterpiece of art, very difficult to execute; but, from the distance at which we were obliged to view it, it had a distorted and unnatural appearance.

Bowman and I now went to view the Louvre for the last time. We spent about three hours in the old gallery. I continue to like and dislike the same pictures I did at first, particularly the one I have before mentioned,—of Marius. I never can pass it without feeling its superior worth, — without paying adoration to it. It never fails to interest and give me pleasure.

Thursday, Dec. 16. — Set off for London.

Landed at Dover at noon on Saturday. When the English custom-house officers came on board the steamer to inspect the baggage of the passengers, their suspicions fastened upon my friend Bowman. They searched his trunk thoroughly, and even his pockets; but found nothing contraband, and very little of any thing else. Then came my turn. I had a quantity of gloves, and many other articles that were liable to seizure; but I gave them my key. They opened the trunk, looked at a few articles of dress which lay on top, and passed it. Bowman said to me, "You were born to good luck." He said it was my personal appearance which cleared me so easily, while it was his diminutive stature which aroused their suspicion of him. His personal appearance was certainly not much in his favor.

Sunday. — Visited the cathedral at Canterbury. Wandered about in the long, echoing aisles in silent admiration. While we were wrapped in silence and thought, the grand organ began to chant. It carried me to sublimer regions. I never heard any music which seemed to inspire me with religion like this. It produced a pleasing, melancholy sensation, such as I have felt in days long gone by, when under a grove of our native pines, listening to

the hollow moaning of the breeze as it found its way through them.

Monday, Dec. 20. — Arrived in town last night, about eight.

Saturday, Christmas Day. — This is a dull day with me; no one to go and take a family dinner with. The very preparation of others makes me unhappy. How foolish it is for me to live from home in the way I do! I think this is the last Christmas I will spend apart from my family.

1825, Jan. 12. — Received a hare and two pheasants from the Duke of Norfolk. This attention, trifling as it may seem, is very gratifying to me.

Jan. 16. — Began the portrait of the Duke of Sussex, for the Duke of Hamilton.

Feb. 7. — Lady Anson has returned to town. She is still as friendly as ever. Commenced the portrait of her son William.

Friday, Feb. 16. — The season of gaiety is fast approaching; but, beyond my profession, what does it signify to me? Perhaps I may be invited now and then to a dinner; but it is very annoying frequently, when there is no annoyance meant. To get into a hackney-coach full of dirt and straw, with one's very best fix-up on, with silk stockings and white kid gloves,

and start off to a dinner, and arrive, perhaps, just as my Lord's carriage and turn-out are setting down, with, perhaps, my Lady So-or-so waiting her turn, and wondering what that vulgar man was invited for to intercept her passage, is rather galling to one's pride, although he be a republican born and bred. This is a good sort of place enough for a man of wealth and leisure. He will always find amusement of some kind; and if he wish to become fashionable, in the high sense of the word, this is his place. But for a man who has to depend upon his hands for his bread, whose very time is his money, particularly if his profession be of an intellectual nature, it is no place. A man in any profession that requires mental exertion is kept alive by the cheering applause of his friends. He needs constant encouragement from them: it is the food of genius. Without it, his efforts dwindle into mere mechanical drudgery.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale, remote, hath pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown?"

Sunday, Feb. 27. — Two months of my rent have gone by, and I have not done enough to pay it and my other expenses; but I hope for better times.

The duke sat on Thursday last, and was very pleasant, and seemed delighted with the picture. He thinks I have made wonderful progress in the art since I first painted him. So I have; but he is as much pleased with the flattery in the last picture, as he is with my improvement. There is not a human being on earth who is not susceptible of flattery; and he who flatters most, in this great city, will do the most judicious thing.

Tuesday. — Sent the duke and Mr. Atkinson to the exhibition in Suffolk Street.

Friday. — Dined with Mr. Smith. In almost all the dinner-parties in high life that I have attended, I have seen very little ease or enjoyment of any thing beyond the bottle and the dinner. The company, with one or two exceptions, are exceedingly on their guard, measuring their sentences with great care, and laughing very mechanically. My impressions, however, may be influenced by my own want of ease and enjoyment.

While we were at the table, after the ladies had retired, we separated into knots, some talk-

ing upon political economy, some upon religion, some upon politics. I overheard one man, who was a member of Parliament, say that it was believed the United States would soon be divided into two or more separate governments; that the presidential election would be the great cause. This he urged against universal suffrage. But, as I was not of his little squad, I did not say aught to the contrary, nor even pretend to listen to him: he did not know I was an American.

Monday, April 1. — The exhibition in Suffolk Street is opened. There are some good pictures; but the balance is so much against them, that they appear but indifferently.

Bowman had sent two pictures to this exhibition; and, like myself, not doubting but they would find a good situation in the best room, had not taken the trouble to inquire after them. On my first entering the rooms, I looked about, but saw none of his in the little room. Well, thought I, he is at least in the large room, whether they have given him a good light or not; so on I pushed, and soon encountered my own two portraits in a capital light. Now for Friend Bowman! I looked about, but saw him not; I looked again, and was again disappointed. Is it possible, thought I, that they have rejected

him? My suspicions were soon confirmed: they had sent his pictures back to him without the least explanation. Now, one of the most painful offices devolved upon me a man can have to perform. I had promised to see Bowman that night, and tell him how his pictures looked, what sort of light they were hung in, &c. The hearing the fate of his pictures gave him, I believe, less pain than the telling him of it did me.

I have made up my mind to an excursion to Glasgow. So I gave Bowman the use of my lodgings, and set off by the coach immediately. Passed through Dumfries. This is where the mortal remains of "Nature's sweetest poet" lie buried. The coach stopped but for twenty-five minutes, the usual time allowed to passengers for refreshment. This time, short as it was, I preferred to spend in feasting my mind and imagination. The church-yard was at least three minutes' walk, or, I should say, run, from the inn; for I went with such speed through the streets as to astonish the good people I met. When I arrived at the church-yard, I found an old woman ready to let me in at once, and I lost no time in letting her know that I preferred looking about me to her prating; by which means I was shown at once to the spot I had so longed

to see. This was consecrated ground, where I was disposed to linger, and forget all earthly things in the contemplation of the heavenly part of him who lay entombed beneath my feet. The monument is simple and beautiful, and the death-like stillness of every thing about me led me into a delightful train of thought. While I was lost to every thing external, I heard the grating sound of a horn, the discordant effect of which sent a chill through my veins. I wished that confounded horn and its owner to the dogs. But it was fortunate for me that I heard it; for it proved to be the bugle of the guard, who was summoning the passengers to their seats. So, after being fairly brought to myself again, I looked at my watch, and found that I had staid the full length of my allotted time; and it was only by the same speed I made in going to, that I made in going from, the inn, that I reached it before the coach left.

On this journey, I met with an amusing instance of sycophancy. The day before I arrived in Glasgow, I had the misfortune to fall in with a title-worshipper, and was obliged to ride by his side all day. In the course of the day, an officer got on the seat with the driver, which led this companion of mine to turn his attention considerably towards him. He was conjecturing

the probable rank of the officer, when I happened to espy a sword-case, marked Captain Sir Something, which I pointed out to my friend. The moment he saw it, he ejaculated in broad Scotch, "My God! he's a nobleman." This was enough for Sawney. Now, how to ingratiate himself with the nobleman was his only care. He, however, being richly endowed with the sagacity for which his countrymen are so noted, soon hit upon the surest means of effecting his object. He flattered the officer; laughed at all his stale jokes; was, in short, every thing the nobleman could have wished. At dinner, there was a good opportunity to show off, and the Scotchman took advantage of it. He teased him to death by pressing him to take this or that. He was, at least, a bore to all but the officer. The time at length arrived when the "nobleman" was to take his leave of us. I will not attempt to describe the chagrin the poor Scotchman evinced when he found the man had gone, — but the sword-case was left behind! All he could say was, "My God! and he's no nobleman after a'."

Arrived safe in Glasgow, April 7, after three days' hard pounding in the coach. Took up my abode with Walker, in Buchanan Street. Before leaving London, I had three or four

portraits engaged; so, of course, I was not long in making a beginning. I commenced on Professor Davidson; others followed to the number of thirteen. In the course of six weeks, I realized three hundred and fifty pounds.

During this short but profitable visit, I received great attention from several of the first families in the place. My friends, the Messrs. Pattersons, were unceasing in their attentions. Professor Davidson and others were also very kind. I was invited to a dinner given by the college club to Mr. Dunn. Here I was placed in an embarrassing situation. The company, to the number of twenty-four, were very merry; toasting the college club, the corporation of Glasgow, and many other public institutions, when Mr. Davidson rose, and proposed as a toast, "Success to the fine arts, and the health of Mr. Harding." This, coming so unexpectedly, threw me completely off my balance. I, however, thanked them for the honorable mention they had been pleased to make of me. Pretty soon, the president of the college, a reverend doctor, began a long speech by saying, that, until that moment, he did not know that they had the honor of a distinguished artist and a foreigner at their dinner. He concluded by proposing more directly, "The health

of Mr. Harding." Then followed a round of applause. This was ten times more embarrassing.than the former; and I could only say "that I felt most sensibly the honor they had done me, and begged to return them my sincere thanks." I thought, when the venerable doctor had concluded his eloquent speech, that I would attempt to address the company, and say something more than merely "Thank ye;" but the solemnity of rising disconcerted me so much, that I hardly knew whether I spoke or only whispered.

Many portraits are partly promised, in case I should return.

It was during this visit that I made up my mind to send for my family, and make Glasgow my home.

Now, being very anxious to see the exhibitions in London, I closed my engagements here, and set off again for that city. I took barely money enough to pay my way on the most economical basis; but, as I never yet learned to act upon that basis, I got myself into a sad dilemma. At Nottingham, I had to pay my fare to London, which was just two pounds; but, as I was reduced to just that sum, I should have no change for refreshments, or for the guard and coachman. So I paid one

pound, and left the other to be paid on my arrival in town. I got on very well until we arrived at the mail-stage office in Islington: here I got off the coach, and ordered my portmanteau into the inn, and went to the bar, and asked the landlady to let me have a pound, at which she seemed somewhat astonished; nor would she comply with my request until the guard became responsible to her for that sum, although she had my trunk. I got the pound at last, and paid the remainder of my fare; and the coach drove off to the merry notes of the bugle.

I went to the bar, and asked the bar-maid to show me my room; but, lo! I could get no bed at all, as she said they were full. Here was a pretty business, — my trunk in pawn, no money, and not a very prepossessing appearance, as I had not shaved, nor changed my linen, for three days. I, however, set off in quest of another inn, though the idea of again exposing myself to the scrutinizing gaze of that beggarly race of waiters was not the most pleasant. But there was no alternative; so I bolted into the bar of the Angel Inn, with, as I thought, a confident manner, and asked the head-waiter to give me a bed. "Directly, sir." — "But," said I, "you will oblige me, if you will let me have

a pound to redeem my portmanteau." The waiter looked very cautiously at me, but, after some hesitation, called the "boots," and said, "Here, take this pound, and go with the gentleman, and pay for his trunk, and bring it here." As soon as we arrived at the inn again, I called for pen, ink, and paper; at which brief demand they all seemed to stare with great amazement. They obeyed, however, and I was soon shown into my room. When I called for the writing materials, I thought I would write a line to Mr. Williams, but changed my mind, and went to bed.

I had not been there many minutes before I heard stocking-feet steps at or near my door, and I soon guessed at their object. I could hear them say, "Oh! he's gone to bed." The next morning, a servant came early into my room with, "Did you ring, sir?" but evidently to see if I had not made way with myself; and really, when I came to look at myself by daylight, in the glass, I did not so much wonder at their suspicions. I was shockingly sun-burnt, with a long beard, and altogether a frightful object. Before I went down, however, I shaved, and put on some clean linen. The good folks of the inn no longer stared at me, but were rather civil, particularly after I had returned

from Mr. Williams, with my hands full of bank-notes.

I now took a coach for my lodgings. During my absence, Bowman had collected almost all the pictures he had painted in England, and strewed them about the rooms; and had left them to their fate. He was in such despair that he kept aloof from all respectable society.

I set off directly for the Somerset House. As it had opened during my absence, I felt the greatest impatience to see the paintings. I did not feel that degree of anxiety about my own pictures that I did the year before, as I knew where they were placed; still I was very desirous to see how they stood the comparison with other pictures. I was happy to think that they were among the *best*, not the worst, class in the exhibition. I must say that I looked at them with as much, and perhaps the same kind of, pride as a mother feels in looking at her beautiful daughter on her presentation at court. It filled me with laudable ambition to excel; but I can here solemnly aver, that envy or jealousy of any other artist's talents or eminence never entered into my mind. I never felt a greater pleasure in my profession than then. It is a noble art, thought I; it is, of all others in the world, the most delightful. But here the

thought of my friend Bowman broke in upon my delight. Poor fellow! He had sent four pictures to Somerset House,—the two that were rejected at Suffolk Street, and two new ones; but, sad to relate, they were all condemned as unworthy a place. This was certainly a disagreeable shade in the delightful pictures I had just been drawing of the profession. Here was Bowman, by two years my senior in the art, and who had ever since his commencement been flattered, and taught to believe that he was a wonderful genius; and now, after eight or nine years of hard study, his hopes are blasted in this cruel manner. I sat upon a bench for — God knows how long, looking into vacancy, and thinking painfully of the discouragements of the artist. I made up my mind, that he, too, was not free from perplexities.

My absence from London, though short, had, I found, broken up my connections in a great degree. Some of my friends (I should say patrons) were about leaving town. Others had much to say of the gaieties of the past season; of their thankfulness that it was over; of their wretched, haggard faces, and similar subjects, unfavorable to that branch of the fine arts which depends mainly upon the vanity of mankind for its support. So I concluded to spend

a few weeks looking at the works of art, and then return to Glasgow.

Aug. 9. — Left London, with all my implements of painting. This was not effected without some regret. London never looked more charming than it did just then, although everybody was out of town. The idea of bidding it adieu, perhaps an eternal one, was painful. I don't know how it is, but I feel a great attachment to the great metropolis, inhospitable as it is. It is the fountain-head of every thing that is excellent in my profession, as well as every means of attaining excellence in it. But I took my seat on the top of a coach; and, in the noisy bustle about the coach-office, and the amusing variety one always meets with on such occasions, I set off in very good spirits.

Safely arrived in Glasgow, I began the arduous task of finding apartments. I then collected a few of my old pictures, which, added to those I had brought down from London, made a tolerable exhibition. But work was slow to come. Day after day I spent in contemplating my beautiful light, which I had been at six pounds' expense in cutting out of the roof. I found some relief, however, in furnishing my house, in expectation of the arrival of my family. Before I left Glasgow for Lon-

don, while I was very busy, dozens were talking of sitting, and three positively agreed to sit on my return; but I find they have changed their mind. Should I again be pressed with more than I can attend to, no doubt they will be as anxious as at first to have their pictures taken. How fickle are people of quality, as they consider themselves, in regard to matters of taste!

Sept. 24. — At half-past six, A.M., I set off to Greenock to meet my family, with my heart full to its inmost recesses of pleasant anxieties. I received a letter from my wife, on her arrival at Liverpool, telling me of her safe voyage, and her intended departure from Liverpool on the steamboat "City of Glasgow;" so, on our arrival at Greenock, I began to look for the boat, and soon had the delight of seeing her. My impatience to know if my family were on board was almost beyond control. A few revolutions of the heavy wheels brought us alongside of the object my eyes had been, for the last hour, so steadily riveted upon. I then saw my wife, and waved my hand to her; but we kept out of speaking distance for some time. During this short interval, the risible muscles of my face became excessively painful, from the great effort it cost me to suppress a downright schoolboy laugh.

Then came the meeting; — then followed ten thousand inquiries after one and another, in such rapid succession that one could not be answered before another was asked. We directly went aboard a Glasgow boat, and in three hours arrived in safety at my own lodgings.

I now took up my abode in Glasgow, with my family around me; and should have been perfectly happy, if I could have seen my way clear for gaining a support for them. I had no work on hand, and the trade of the community was seriously depressed, while there was little prospect of any immediate renewal; so that I sometimes wished I had gone to, instead of sending for, my family. Fortunately for me, several of my friends interested themselves in my behalf, and got for me an order to paint a full-length portrait of the "Deacon Convener of Trades," who was a very popular man. I was successful in my work, and exhibited with éclat. This brought me many sitters: indeed, for five or six months I was kept constantly employed.

I painted many of my best pictures at this time; but I found, as my anxieties for my family increased, my enthusiasm for my art decreased. At times I felt a strong desire to go to Italy; but how could I leave my wife and four chil-

dren? Sir Joshua Reynolds was right when he said a painter's wife or mistress should be his lay-figure, and his art should be his first and only love.

The summer following (1826) was the most disastrous to all branches of business that had ever been known in the kingdom. Nearly every country bank failed; and a universal panic seized the public mind, spreading through all classes of society. I was out of business: no one wanted pictures while this excitement lasted, and no one could tell when it would end. I thought seriously of returning to America, and consulted the Duke of Hamilton about my plans. He at first favored my going to Edinburgh; but, after weighing all the circumstances, he finally agreed that I was right, telling me I could return when the condition of the country was more prosperous. This interview settled the question. I finished what pictures I had on the easel, collected what money was due me, and left Glasgow for Liverpool.

I had to take leave of many good and true friends, which was a sore trial: among them were James Sheridan Knowles, John Pattison, — one of nature's noblemen, — and many others, all of whom wished me God-speed.

This step was not taken without the most

painful regrets. No artist had a fairer prospect of rising to the highest rank in his profession, with such patrons as the Dukes of Sussex and Hamilton, and many other influential persons; and with Lady Anson's unwavering friendship. But I could not live through the universal prostration of business. I was influenced in my decision even more by another consideration. I had three daughters, nine, seven, and three years old. They were very pretty. Should they, when they grew up, fulfil the promise of their childhood, I felt they would be exposed to dangers growing out of the state of society in England which they would be free from at home. My profession entitled me to move in the highest circles, in which, at the same time, my wife and children would not be recognized. This is one of the cruel customs of the aristocracy of Great Britain.

We were weather-bound in Liverpool; but the impatience that I naturally felt at my compulsory stay was much alleviated by the kindness of Mr. Roscoe, whose acquaintance I made through a letter from the Duke of Hamilton. He was very kind and attentive, and showed me every thing that was of any interest in the city. Among other things, he took me to see Mr. Audubon's collection of birds, which he had

just brought with him from America. I saw all the original paintings, and very beautiful they were.

After two weeks' weary watching of the weathercock, the wind changed at last, and we put out to sea about the first of September.

No pen can describe the pleasure we felt, when, after an uncomfortable passage of forty days, we sailed into Boston Harbor.

It was Sunday; and with a fair, light breeze, and bright sun, the scene was enchanting. All the annoyances of the voyage were forgotten: sea-sickness and head-winds were as though they had not been. As I took a parting look at the good ship "Topaz," I could not but feel grateful to her, as though she had been "a thing of life," for the part she had taken in bringing us through so many storms. Her ultimate fate cost me a sigh, when I heard of it. Her next voyage was to India, where she was captured and burnt by pirates.

After reeling about awhile on the wharf, a store or counting-room was opened; and we staggered up a long flight of stairs, like so many intoxicated persons. We took a carriage, and drove to the Exchange Hotel. What a luxury it was to sit down to dinner, and find the dishes and tumblers keep their places!

I walked out with the children. Every thing had a diminutive appearance. The Common was not what it used to be in old times. The children took but little interest in what they saw; but they had one wonder to tell their mother of, that they had not seen a *single beggar*. I met many old friends, who gave me a hearty welcome home.

CHAPTER VI.

I NOW began my career again in Boston; not as I did on my first appearance in that city, for then I was entirely self-taught, and little could be expected of one from the backwoods: but now I came fresh from the schools of Europe, and with some reputation. I felt keenly how much more would be required of me now to fill the expectations of the connoisseurs and patrons of art.

My first picture was of Emily Marshall, then the reigning beauty of Boston. No artist's skill could be put to a severer test; for her beauty depended much upon the expression of her animated face, which, when lighted up in conversation, was bewitchingly lovely. I did not succeed to my own satisfaction, though others seemed well pleased.

Much interest was shown in my paintings, and I soon had enough to do; though, of the eighty applicants on my list when I left Boston, not one came to renew his engagement. Many whom I had painted previously wanted their pictures altered, either because the dress was

out of fashion, or the expression did not please them, &c.; but I found it would never do to begin to alter the old pictures. So I adopted for a rule, that I would paint a new picture in the place of the old one, and deduct the price of the latter. I now charged one hundred dollars for a head: my former price was fifty dollars.

Among the sitters I had at this time was Timothy Pickering, of Salem. He was far advanced in years, but as bright in intellect as a man of thirty. His conversation was extremely interesting, though it mostly pertained to the early days of our Government. One day, I felt a strong desire to know how a man would feel who knew that his allotted time was nearly spent, and thought I might venture to put the question to him; so I said, "You have lived beyond the average of human life: how do you feel upon the subject of the final departure to the other world?" His reply was, "It was only the other day I was asking old Dr. Holyoke the same question." The doctor was some ten years his senior.

I had at this time, to take care of my room, a boy who afforded me much amusement. I came into my studio one day, when he handed me a card. I asked him what the gentleman said who left it. He replied, that he said he

wanted to pay me something. "But," said I, "he owes me nothing." — "Well, that's what he said; but I can't remember what it was he wanted to pay." — "Was it his *respects?*" said I. "Oh! yes, sir," he answered, evidently much relieved: "that was it."

I, for the first time, was reading Gil Blas: I had finished the first, and had begun the second, volume. It was a dark, snowy day; and no visitors came in to interrupt us. The boy took up the first volume, as he sat on one side of the stove, and I on the other. As we read on, the humor of the book would prove too much for my risibles, and I would be forced to laugh aloud; then the boy would respond at something he had come across: so there we were, master and man, both enjoying the witty story with equal delight. I think, if the author could have seen us, he would have laughed as heartily as either.

I had now become intimately acquainted with Mr. Allston. His habits were peculiar in many respects. He lived alone, dining at six o'clock, and sitting up far into the night. He breakfasted at eleven or twelve. He usually spent three or four evenings, or rather nights, at my house every week; and I greatly enjoyed his conversation, which was of the most polished and refined order, and always instructive. I

sometimes called at his studio. It was an old barn, very large, and as cheerless as any anchorite could desire. He never had it swept, and the accumulation of the dust of many years was an inch deep. You could see a track, leading through it to some remote corner of the room, as plainly as in new-fallen snow. He saw few friends in his room; lived almost in solitude, with only his own great thoughts to sustain him.

Just before I sailed for Europe, he had shown me his great picture of the "Feast of Belshazzar." It was then finished, with the exception of the figure of Daniel. I thought it a wonderful picture. I was not to speak of it to any one but Leslie. During the three years of my absence, he did not work on it. I had a fine, large studio; and, when I went to Washington, which I did in the winter of 1828, I gave it to Mr. Allston to finish his picture in. But he did not unroll it. He painted all winter, instead, on a landscape; and, when I came home, I found he had wiped out his winter's work, saying it was not worthy of him. He smoked incessantly, became nervous, and was haunted by fears that his great picture would not come up to the standard of his high reputation. One day, he went to his friend Loammi Baldwin, and said, "I

have to-day blotted out my four years' work on my 'Handwriting on the Wall.'"

He had discovered some little defect in the perspective, which could not be corrected without enlarging the figures in the foreground. Had he painted this picture in London, surrounded by the best works of art, and in daily intercourse with artists of his own standing, his picture would undoubtedly have taken a high rank among the best works of the old masters. As it is, it is only a monument of wasted genius of the highest order.

[The following letter, from Washington Allston to my father, gives such an agreeable impression of the "social nature" of the former, and at the same time pays so pleasant a tribute to the latter, that I need make no apology for inserting it. — M.]

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass., 25th December, 1838.

DEAR HARDING, — Your letter from Cincinnati brought me an unexpected pleasure (though some perhaps might not think so, from this tardy acknowledgment; but not *you*, who too well know that I am any thing but a punctual correspondent), and I sincerely thank you for it. Independent of the satisfaction of being kindly remembered, it was a pleasure to me to hear of the success of one whom I so highly esteem. I regret, however, that this *sublime* place supplies too little subject-matter for a letter to enable me to make a proper return; and my visits to Boston are so rare that I can glean next to nothing from that

quarter. I might indeed talk of myself; but that is a subject on which I seldom care to say much at any time. All I shall say on it at present is, that I have been, as usual, hard at work; to what effect, I hope you will see on your return. You know that I am never idle; and, if I bring but little to pass, it is because my notions of excellence are sometimes beyond my reach. I may add to this *indefiniteness*, that I expect to resume "Belshazzar" in the spring.

You say that you think more of your art, when you are away from home. This is natural, and must needs be so with one who has so large a family to care for. But I do not think it a subject of self-reproach that it is so; but there would be a just one, if you suffered even the love of art to supplant the duties you owe to them,—I do not mean by the neglecting to provide for them, which would be unpardonable; but by taking the place of those personal attentions, those nameless kindnesses, that go to make up so large a portion of domestic happiness. I have often thought of your conduct with regard to your family, and always with increased respect. You have a good wife and good children; a fact that bears the strongest evidence of your right bearing as a husband and a father. Neither do I think that your attentions to them, liberal as I know them to be, have ever caused you to neglect your pencil. Your numerous pictures ought to set your heart at rest on that score. Upon the whole, I cannot but consider your lot a desirable one. Much as I love my art (and I believe no one ever rightly loved it more), I still hold it subordinate to my affections. But there is time for the exercise

of both, except, perhaps, where grinding poverty allows no remission of labor. But, even then, no man who continues true to his social nature is ever without some redeeming moment, when he is at liberty to interchange kindnesses; and it is seldom that any one is ever wholly deprived of such moments excepting by his own fault. . . . Present my compliments to Miss Harding, who, I understand, is with you; and believe me, dear Harding,

Ever your faithful friend,

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

At this period of my life, I became acquainted with N. P. Willis. He was the "lion" of the town; was young, handsome, and wrote poetry divinely. He often met Allston at my house, and, I trust, recollects how swiftly the hours flew by. He is living, and it is not my province to speak of his fame. It is national, and will be cherished wherever the English language is read. The friendship then formed between us has never for a moment been disturbed.

During my stay in Washington, alluded to above, I painted many of the distinguished men of the day, such as Mr. Adams, Mr. Wirt, all the judges of the Supreme Court, &c. Among them was a full-length portrait of Judge Marshall, for the Athenæum. I consider it a good picture. I had great pleasure in painting *the whole* of

such a man. I remember one or two little incidents connected with him, which amused me at the time. When I was ready to draw the figure into his picture, I asked him, in order to save time for him, to come to my room in the evening, as I could draw it just as well then as by daylight. He was glad to do so. An evening was appointed; but he could not come until after the "consultation," which lasts until about eight o'clock. It was a warm evening, and I was standing on my steps waiting for him, when he soon made his appearance; but, to my surprise, without a hat. I showed him into my studio, and stepped back to fasten the front door, where I encountered Mr. Storrs, M.C., and two or three other gentlemen, who knew the judge very well. They had seen him passing by their hotel in his hatless condition, and with long strides, as if in great haste; and had followed, curious to know the cause of such a strange appearance.

When I re-entered the studio, I inquired of the judge whether he did not come without a hat, and he said "Yes;" that the consultation lasted longer than he expected, and he hurried off as quickly as possible to keep his appointment with me. When he was preparing to return to his lodgings, I urged him to take my hat; but he said, "Oh, no! it is a warm night, I shall not need one."

I again met Judge Marshall in Richmond, whither I went during the sitting of the convention for amending the Constitution. He was a leading member of a quoit club, which I was invited to attend. The battle-ground was about a mile from the city, in a beautiful grove. I went early, with a friend, just as the party were beginning to arrive. I watched for the coming of the old chief. He soon approached with his coat on his arm, and his hat in his hand, which he was using as a fan. He walked directly up to a large bowl of mint-julep, which had been prepared, and drank off a tumbler full of the liquid, smacked his lips, and then turned to the company, with a cheerful "How are you, gentlemen?" He was looked upon as the best pitcher of the party, and could throw heavier quoits than any other member of the club. The game began with great animation. There were several ties; and, before long, I saw the great chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, down on his knees, measuring the contested distance with a straw, with as much earnestness as if it had been a point of law; and, if he proved to be in the right, the woods would ring with his triumphant shout. What would the dignitaries of the highest court of England have thought, if they had been present?

I had brought a letter to John Randolph, from General Hamilton of South Carolina, asking him to sit to me for his portrait. I presented it with considerable trepidation, knowing something of Mr. Randolph's peculiarities; but my fears were groundless. I was most graciously received, and was assured it would give him great pleasure to sit to me. At the close of the second sitting, he said, "If you have no objection to showing your sketch, I would like to see it. I know, if it is like, it will be very ugly. Ah! it *is* very like."

I never in all my professional practice had a more agreeable sitter. He sat to me for three different pictures.

I was again in Washington in the winter of 1830–31, when I painted the portrait of John C. Calhoun. During the sittings, he invited me to come up to the Senate, as there was to be an interesting debate. Mr. Hayne was to speak on the subject of "Foote's Resolutions," in reply to a short speech of Mr. Webster. I accepted the invitation, and Mr. Calhoun admitted me as one of the many favored ones.

Mr. Hayne was most eloquent, and exceedingly bitter in his remarks upon Mr. Webster's speech; and so scathing in his denunciations of New England and her policy, that I felt his

sarcasms were unanswerable. I think all the friends of Mr. Webster thought so too. The South side of the Senate were vociferous in their applause. At night, I went to see the fallen great man, as I considered him. My daughter was visiting Mr. Webster's daughter at the time. To my surprise, I found him cheerful, even playful. He had the two girls upon his knees. I told him I expected to find him in another room, pointing to his library. "Time enough for that in the morning," said he.

Mr. Calhoun gave me another sitting the next morning. He seemed to think the great champion of the North was annihilated. He said it was a pity he had laid himself open at so many points.

I needed no invitation to go to the Senate that morning. I went early to the gallery, and secured a seat among the reporters. As Mr. Webster entered the Senate, all eyes were turned upon him. He was elegantly dressed, and apparently less excited than any of his friends. I felt towards Mr. Webster as I imagine a criminal might feel who looks to his counsel to save him from punishment for some crime he is charged with. He soon, however, put me at my ease. As he proceeded with his speech, all his friends felt satisfied that victory was his.

I need make no further allusion to this splendid effort, as it is as familiar to all as household words.

The next morning, I asked Mr. Calhoun what he thought of Webster's reply. He said simply, but with great emphasis, "Mr. Webster is a *strong man*, sir, a *very strong man*."

In the latter part of the summer of 1830, I had taken my family to Springfield, Mass., to spend a portion of the warm weather. We were all so well pleased with the place, that I exchanged my house in Beacon Street for one in Springfield, which has been our home ever since.

Little of interest occurred in my life for several years. Its monotony was varied only by several professional trips to the West and South.

In 1845 I met with a sore bereavement in the death of my wife. She died on the 27th of August, after an illness of but three days.

CHAPTER VII.

[In August, 1846, my father again went to Europe. His letters to his family, during the year he spent there, are the only journal that he kept; and the following extracts are taken from them. — M.]

LONDON, Aug. 30, 1846. — Just at night of the fourth day from land, we fell in with some mountains of ice. Many of them were as large as the State-house, at Boston. One of them, the captain said, was two hundred feet high, and three times as broad at the base. It looked like a giant's snow-fort. While we were all admiring this sublime spectacle, the captain drew my attention to a small iceberg, nearly covered with water; telling me that it was those that were the terror of navigators. They are not easily seen in rough weather, and to encounter one would be as fatal as to run on to a reef of rocks. We made our port in eleven days and a half.

I find nobody in town that I want to see. I have strolled about a good deal, visiting my old haunts. Yesterday, I went to the National Gallery, and looked at the works of the old

masters. Many of them I saw frequently when I was here before; but I find that most of them do not please me so much as they did formerly. I have dined with Pickersgill and Leslie, and visited their studios; but I am disappointed in the modern portraits that I have seen. I find, on looking at my own old pictures, that I was at least twenty years younger in the art than I am now, whatever I may be in years.

Glasgow, Aug. 11. — Glasgow looks, in the main, just as it did twenty years ago, though it has spread out into the country, and has doubled its population. But it is sad to find my former friends grown so old. It is almost impossible to feel, that these gray-headed men are the same persons that I knew so intimately when I was here before. I have looked in the glass to see if I can discover any change in my own looks; and sometimes I think I can discover a *slight* one.

Oct. 12. — The only thing in the way of my profession worth relating is, that Mr. Alison, the historian, is sitting to me. What do you imagine he looks like? Of course you have pictured in your mind some image of the great author. He looks no more like one's imagination of an author than I do like a bishop. He is nearly my own size, with a round full face, of

the complexion of Mr. Everett, reddish hair, large yellow whiskers; yet has rather a distinguished air. He is the sheriff of Glasgow, a very important office; and is highly esteemed by all classes.

The last ten days have been miserably dull and rainy. My only relief from the horrors has been in books. I have read Hazlitt's writings on art, with a good deal of pleasure and instruction. I am now reading "Alison's History." I commenced it, mainly, so that when he was sitting to me I need not have the mortification of saying I had not read his book. But, since I have got fairly into the history, I have needed no such motive to induce me to go on with the work. It is beautifully written, and more exciting than any work of fiction. I am delighted with the "Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay." It is highly interesting. I would recommend it to your attention, if you have not already got hold of it. But don't let H. read it, nor any other book that does not directly or indirectly promote his studies. Light reading of any kind must dissipate the mind, and, at any age, make hard study uninteresting; but, to the *boy*, it is ruinous: of this I am well satisfied.

These same Scotch folks that I am among are a curious people. Close in their habits of econ-

omy, thrifty in business, always looking after their own interest, yet they are overflowing with hospitality. They always have some one or more to "tak' pot-luck wi' them," and make dinner a social meal. They often sit two hours at the table; more for the sake of conversation than for drinking.

My habits are very regular. I rise at nine o'clock, order breakfast, smoke my cigar, and then go to work. I fast from that time until dinner, which is at six. I go home about eleven, and read till one; and then turn in to my bed.

Nov. 1. — Among my other pleasing occupations, I have had three or four of my teeth filled by the great dentist of the place. The reason I mention this circumstance is, that you may know the way I paid the bill. After he had finished the work, I took out my pocket-book, and asked him how much I had to pay. "*Nothing*," said he: "I never charge artists for any such small jobs." Do you think Dr. P. would have so much consideration for the arts?

Yesterday, I dined again with Mr. Alison, and met Mr. Lockhart and his daughter. He is very agreeable and gentlemanly. His daughter is rather pretty, and simple in manners. After the ladies retired, Mr. Alison joined Mr. Lockhart

and myself; and we were carrying on a very interesting conversation on the arts (here the arts are the subject for general conversation, as much as politics are with us), but, horrible to relate! just at this happy moment, I was attacked most violently with one of my turns of colic. I resorted to my usual remedies, but found little relief; and was obliged to get into Mr. Alison's carriage, and drive home. This is the first attack I have had for three or four years. I would rather have had it at any other time, as it deprived me of a most delightful party. I wanted much to have made some conversation with the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott. But, Pegos, what *is* is.

Nov. 15. — They have in this city just opened an exhibition on the plan of the Athenæum, only not equal to it in point of merit. I was invited to see it, the day before it was opened to the public. There are many pretty good pictures, but none first-rate. They are very proud of it; and one of the principal artists asked me, with apparent pride and exultation, if we had any thing of the kind in America.

Nothing of any great interest has crossed my path since my last. I have had no great dinners, no colic: things have gone on very monotonously. The sun has not been seen for the

last ten days, and fears are beginning to be felt for his safety. When last seen, he was struggling through a dense mass of smoke and fog.

Dear daughter, as the great day of all New-England days approaches, I cannot but wish that I could form one of the party around C.'s table. You may be assured that I shall be in the midst of you, in spirit. This morning I was awakened by a friendly knock at my door. I was dreaming at the time most delightfully, of being at home with C. and you and the C.'s; and it was painful to be so suddenly aroused to the reality of being in a far-off land. I would not have you infer from this, that I am discontented or unhappy, for it is not so; and so long as I receive letters regularly, assuring me that all is going on well with you, my dreams of home and friends, whether in my sleeping or waking hours, will only increase my happiness. So God bless you all!

Nov. 25.—I heard that the Duke of Hamilton was at his place, about a dozen miles from here: so this morning I took coach to go and see him; but, to my great disappointment, he was not at home. The palace is shown to visitors on Tuesdays and Fridays: so, as this is Wednesday, I could not get in. I told the

servant that I knew the duke, and had painted a portrait of him. Still I could not get the housekeeper to break over the law. I started off, but had not got more than twenty rods, when a liveried servant, without a hat, came running after me, saying that Lady Douglass, the duke's daughter, wished me to come back, and see the palace. The housekeeper had told her who I was. I spent an hour or two in looking at the pictures. Some of them are very fine. There are several Vandykes, and also the celebrated picture, by Rubens, of the "Lion's Den." The gems in the way of furniture are most exquisite. The tables and cabinets, inlaid with gold and precious stones, are wonders in the mechanic arts.

The grounds are very extensive. From the front door of the palace, you look down an avenue of trees about twenty rods in width and a mile in length, and perfectly level. The grass is as green as in midsummer. Then such ornamental gardens, and kept in such exquisite order! They even *surpass ours at home!* The house, too, is *considerably* larger than ours. It is about four times as large as the State-house at Boston. We shall never see any thing like it in our country. If one could step from this splendid pile into one of our fine houses in

Boston, the contrast would be enough to curb the ambition of the proudest. The main part of this splendid building is not yet finished, though it was up to the first story when I was here twenty-two years ago, and the architect has been all the time at work upon it. Every thing about it is of the most durable material.

The question naturally arises, whether the owners of this princely mansion are any happier than those who live in more humble dwellings. In this case, I believe many a man who lives in a "ten-footer" is far happier than Hamilton with all his titles and wealth. He and the duchess live in different parts of the house, keep separate carriages, and never travel together. There is this comfort in their case, the house is large enough for twenty families to live in it, without elbowing each other.

Dec. 8.—Yesterday, I took the cars, and went out to Lord Belhaven's place to dine. I found his carriage waiting for me. I found a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen. The conversation at table was quiet and unambitious, and I at once felt entirely at home. After dinner, Lady Belhaven was entertaining me with some curiosities in the drawing-room, when she came across a book of pressed leaves from America, which, she said, was a present from Mr.

Everett. She wished me to tell her if they were true to nature: the colors were so brilliant that she could hardly think they were. I not only assured her they were so, but, what was more, that some of them came from a tree on my own place. I recognized the peculiar coloring of the leaves on the maple by our gate, and remembered when L. was visiting you, and gathered them to send to her uncle.

London, Jan. 6, 1847.—Presented my letter to Mr. Rogers. He is an old man,—I do not know how old, but I should think at least eighty. He stoops a good deal. He has a pale face, with fine head, and features full of expression. I hope he will sit to me for his portrait; but all these lions have been painted so often, that I wonder how they can treat a painter with decent respect. One of the greatest objections I have to becoming a great man is the tax I should have to pay in time and patience to the painters and sculptors. So I believe, on the whole, I won't become great. If, however, I am ever doomed to that distinction, I will do my own painting. I think some of anticipating that event by beginning a portrait of myself at once, and sending it to the Athenæum. If I do commit such a folly, I intend to paint it in a white choker, and make

it look as much like a gentleman as the case will admit of.

Jan. 8.—I breakfasted to-day with the author of "Italy." We sat down to breakfast at half-past ten. We had good tea and coffee, eggs, and cold game, with a variety of cold breads. In short, poets, that is poet bankers, live very much like prose bodies, for aught I can see.

Mr. Rogers is most charming in conversation. He is familiar with every subject both in and out of letters. He admires Prescott very much, and thinks him one of the best writers in the English language. He thinks Mr. Webster one of the greatest men living, and idolizes Mr. Everett.

Jan. 16.—I have made a beginning of the portrait of Mr. Rogers. It is very troublesome, on account of his deafness, to keep him animated. Once, to-day, he fell asleep while sitting.

He remarked, in the course of conversation, upon the importance some painters attach to the high finish of their hands. He said they ought to be so disposed of as to attract no notice, for it is considered the height of ill-breeding to be found looking at a person's hands or dress in company. What would the good people of our country do, if they were deprived of the privi-

lege of looking at the dresses, hands, and feet of the company they are in?

Mr. Rogers told me a story yesterday. He told it so well, that I am afraid to attempt to relate it; but I will try to give you the gist of it.

About forty years since, a clergyman in Scotland married a young and beautiful wife; and hardly was she his, when she died. He was overwhelmed with grief. The night after she was buried in the family tomb, he was sitting up late, and the waiting-maid was watching her almost distracted master, when he heard a knock at the door. He exclaimed with great agitation, "That is Mary's knock!" It was repeated, and he again cried out that it was Mary's knock; and again a third time. But the maid would not go to the door. He at length opened it himself, and Mary fainted in his arms. The sexton violated the tomb; and, in attempting to wrench the wedding ring from her finger, he aroused her from her trance. The sexton fled; and she found her way home, and presented herself in her winding-sheet, a living ghost, to her husband.

Imagine Allston telling the story, and you will get a pretty good idea of Mr. Rogers's manner.

The times are very inauspicious for my work. Trade is dull; and the fear of distress in England makes men stare at each other, and wonder where it is to end. All one hears or reads in the papers is so full of the famishing Irish, that one almost wishes one's self in the blessed United States. The debates in Parliament, last night, give a gloomy picture of the present, and offer little hope for the future condition of that unhappy country. It was stated that one family subsisted, for several days, on a carrion carcass of a horse that was so far decomposed that the crows had left it. It seems that a great portion of the Irish ordinarily live on potatoes, at this season of the year: that resource failing, they have nothing to substitute for them, and have no money to buy any thing to keep body and soul together. Only think of the coroner sitting on the dead bodies of twelve or fifteen in a day, in a small village, all of whom died of hunger! It is awful indeed.

Feb. 25. — I went to a small party last night, at Mr. Bancroft's. He had a dinner-party; and, when I arrived, the gentlemen were still at the table. I went in and took a seat, and listened to an animated conversation between a Captain Wormley and a Scotchman. There was something striking in the broad accent and the

good sense of the Scotchman, which attracted my attention. After listening awhile, I inquired his name; and who do you think he was? No less a person than Thomas Carlyle. I was afterwards introduced to him, and had a good deal of conversation with him. He talks well, easily, and naturally, and without the least tincture of Carlyleism. He has a hard face, stiff hair, and, in short, is as unlike the literary dandy as any farmer in the land.

March 25. — I am now just finishing the picture of Lord Aberdeen. I must here relate a little incident which is rather flattering to me. We — that is, my lord and I — were speaking of the Irish, the other day; and I remarked that the more that is given in charity, the more will be expected, and illustrated my views by a story, which was this: I was riding on top of a stage-coach, on Cape Cod, one cold February day, when I espied a flock of sheep in the field, trying hard to get something to eat from the frozen ground. I said to the stage-driver, "Is it possible these sheep run out all winter?" — "Yes." — "Of course they feed them?" — "No," said he, "they used to do so; but the farmers find when they feed them, that they won't help themselves, but only hang about the pen, and bleat all day. But, if they are left to take care

of themselves, they manage to get a living, and come out very well in the spring." The next time his lordship gave me a sitting, he said that he told my sheep story to Sir Robert Peel, at the queen's table; and it struck him very forcibly.

March 26. — To-day was Drawing-room at the Palace of St. James. I did not go, because I was not "expected." I went, however, to see the pageant, but was just two minutes too late to see the queen arrive. So I waited an hour and a half for her return. I took care to get a good stand, where I was not more than twenty feet from where she must pass; and then waited with the patience of a martyr. At last the royal procession started. All were on tip-toe. I was tall enough without that resort. She had come so near that I could just discern a face in the carriage, when, most provokingly, a life-guardsman rode alongside of the carriage, and interposed his huge body just between me and Her Majesty, so that I only saw her nose. I did not think the sight of that feature worth the trouble I had taken: so I set it all down as a piece of mummery, and went with my friend to see the new Italian opera-house.

Mr. Rogers says the "New Timon" is attributed to Bulwer. He does not seem to think so

much of it as you Yankees do. He says Bryant or Longfellow are, either of them, very much before that author, whoever he may be. He often speaks of Bryant in very high terms, and thinks it is to be regretted, that a man of such genius should waste his energies in editing a newspaper.

Glasgow, April '17. — I left London on the 5th for this region. My friend C. advised me to come by steamer from Fleetwood. I dread the sea, particularly the channel. However, the weather was promising, so I booked for Fleetwood. It is a run of twelve hours. We started at seven in the evening, and had a very quiet night. When we were within about an hour's sail of our port, there came a heavy shower of rain, accompanied with high wind. The sea was almost immediately thrown into a terrible commotion; so much so, that the captain thought it unsafe to go into port, where the water was shallow, at low tide. So we put off twelve miles to the island of Arran. The wind increased to a terrific gale. We dragged our anchor several times before we fairly got settled A boat, with four men, came out from shore (where the water was quite smooth, being under cover of the mountain), making for the steamer; but, as she neared us, she got into

the wind, and was blown out to sea at a fearful rate. The captain pulled up anchor, and went after them; and, with much difficulty, got the poor wretches on board. They were completely exhausted, and in a half-hour more would in all probability have gone to the bottom. Another two-masted, open fishing-boat dragged her anchor, and was driven out to sea; but, fortunately, a steamer was making for the port we lay in, and picked them up. We lay here until two o'clock; and then, as it was high tide, we put out for the port of our destination. But I cannot describe to you the horrors of the scene: it was perfectly awful. The wind blew as if it would blow our steamer out of the water. The wind was partly on our side, which made the ship lurch frightfully. One wheel would be ten feet above the water, while the other would be entirely covered. But we had the most perilous part of our voyage still before us. The channel to the harbor is narrow, crooked, and rocky. I never saw such breakers! However, we escaped all the dangers; and I never was so glad to put myself on firm footing as when I stepped on shore. We had many ladies on board: all were sick and terrified. Most of the gentlemen were in the same plight. I was not sick; but I cannot say

I was not frightened. Half the town were on the wharf to see us come in. We found the railway train waiting, and in an hour we were safe in Glasgow.

I remained in the city three days, and then set off for the city of the "Fair Maid of Perth." I spent four days there, and had two days of *salmon*-fishing. I do not know that I shall ever be able to bring myself down again to trout-fishing. But to the sport. We fitted up and went into the boat, and fished for an hour. We were beginning to think we should have no sport, when, all of a sudden, a salmon took my fly. Jehu! how I was excited! But I tried my best to keep cool, and finally succeeded in landing him. He weighed sixteen pounds. This was considered a great feat, as it is seldom a man lands his first fish. I took two more before night, and went home well satisfied. The next day we had no right to fish for salmon, so we took a tramp of ten miles, and fished for trout; but it seemed like child's play. The day after, we tried the salmon again, and I killed two more; which was doing more in two days than any sportsman has done in a fortnight. I am told by Mr. Stirling, that I am talked of as much by the gentry for my exploits as old "Rough and Ready" is for his. But,

above all, I am glad to find my health improving.

May 8. — This is the last letter you will receive from me from London. I am booked for the 4th of June. I am sorry to return to the States without having seen more of the Old World; but my means will not allow of my making the grand tour. As I have told you, my health has been such that I have been able to paint but little for the last three months, and it is too enormously expensive to live in Europe without a pretty liberal income. I sometimes fear I shall have to give up painting altogether. I have great faith, however, in a little quiet living at home, with my chicks about me. My trouble is a tendency of blood to the head.

May 14. — I went last night to see Jenny Lind. I saw her in my favorite opera of "La Sonnambula." She entirely came up to my *youthful imagination*. I had no conception before of perfect music and acting combined, as one sees them in this Swedish Nightingale. She acted the part of Amina so perfectly, that it became reality. It is impossible that she did not feel the sentiments she uttered, so completely would her countenance and complexion change with the passions of grief or joy or rage; at times being as pale as a ghost, and

then fresh as a rose. Her voice and execution are wonderful. I never saw an audience, not even at the Tremont Theatre when Mrs. Wood was carrying everybody away, half so much excited. Bouquets of flowers were showered down on the stage, with shouts and waving of handkerchiefs. When she addressed herself to the flowers, —

> "Not thee, — of dear affection —
> Are the sweet pledges," &c.,

I thought we should all have gone mad. The Queen and Prince Albert were there; but they attracted no attention.

DURING his stay in England, my father made two trips to Paris, mainly to visit the picture galleries. The last one was upon the occasion of the great annual exhibition of modern pictures at the Louvre.

He spent the winter immediately succeeding his return from England in Washington, and there enjoyed a renewal of his intimacy with Daniel Webster; with whom, he and the Hon. George Ashmun,* and one or two other gentlemen who "messed" together, were

* Of his life-long friendship with this gentleman, my father speaks as never having known any interruption.

in the habit of dining two or three times a week. My father writes, "These family dinners were always charming. We always found sumptuous fare, though not elaborate. Often the great feature of the feast would be chowder or dun-fish, both of which dishes he excelled in. One day, I was admiring and praising the latter, and asked him where he procured them. He said, from his friend Charles Cutter, of Portsmouth, N.H. I said that I got my fish from the same gentleman, but they did not seem to be of the same quality; but perhaps they were not as skilfully cooked. Thereupon he gave a detailed history of the fish, mode of curing, &c. Then he entered into a minute description of the way of cooking it, ending with, 'Have ready good, mealy potatoes, beets, drawn butter, and oil; have it all served up hot, and *then send for Ashmun and me.*'

"I had a few bottles of old Scotch whiskey, such as Wilson & Scott have immortalized under the name of 'mountain dew.' This beverage is always used with hot water and sugar. I put a bottle of this whiskey into my overcoat pocket, one day when I was going to dine with Mr. Webster; but I thought, before presenting it to him, I would see who was in

the drawing-room. I put the bottle on the entry table, walked into the drawing-room; and, seeing none but the familiar party, said, 'I have taken the liberty to bring a Scotch gentleman to partake of your hospitality to-day.' — 'I am most happy, sir,' was the reply. I walked back to the entry, and pointed to the bottle. 'Oh!' said he, 'that is the gentleman that bathes in hot water.'"

Later he says, "I do think him the greatest man I ever came in contact with. He is not only full of wisdom and delightful anecdote, but of that sort of playful wit which startles the more, coming from the same fountain, as it does, with the wisest maxims that man ever uttered. With all this eulogium, he is far from being a perfect character. He lacks many of the essentials requisite in the formation of the good man. He lacks sympathy. He has the art of making many admirers, but few friends."

It was during this winter that my father painted the full-length portrait of Mr. Webster which hangs on the walls of the Athenæum; and also that of Henry Clay which hangs in the City-hall in Washington. The succeeding winter was spent in Buffalo. The following little incident, which occurred while there, amused him highly, and he thus relates it:—

"I wrote to A. S. Upham, then senator from Genesee County; and directed the letter, as usual, to *Hon.* A. S. Upham. Mr. Upham had been a wagon-maker; and was, like myself, a self-made man. He was at this time engaged very extensively in car-making for the New-York Central Railroad. As I did not receive an answer as promptly as I expected, I wrote him another letter, and directed to *Mr.* A. S. Upham, *wagon-maker.* This he answered at once, and directed the letter to Mr. Chester Harding, *Sign and Chair Painter.*"

Although he continued to follow his profession, during the winter months, even to the last year of his life, his active career as an artist began to decline from this time. He says of this period of his life:—

"As I find myself growing old, and my family grown beyond my immediate care, I vary my pursuits. I always had a passion for field sports, and have, for the last twenty or thirty summers, indulged more or less in the pastimes of shooting and trout-fishing; and have found them healthful and innocent. I have spent many seasons among the White Hills; and, in later years, much of my summer leisure has been spent at the Saguenay, Lower Canada. This place is becoming a resort for excursionists. It is certainly a wonderful river, wonderful for its depth and bold shores, and the shoals of porpoises that are sporting in the tide. Hundreds of the white porpoise may be seen at almost any hour of the day. The

scenery on this river is grand. A Church or Bierstadt might revel in it.

"I wish to record my appreciation of the hospitality I have received at the house of Mr. Radford, for six consecutive summers. He is the only Englishman living at the mouth of the Saguenay. He fills the several offices of magistrate, post-master, and collector of the port. All the inhabitants of the neighborhood, with this exception, are of the lower order of the French. Trout-fishing is the principal amusement, with an occasional fight with the salmon. One meets many gentlemen sportsmen from Montreal and Quebec. Altogether, I think this place the most attractive, for the lovers of sport and grand scenery, of any resort I have ever visited."

He spent his winters in some of the large cities, as Boston, New York, Washington, or St. Louis; but, though familiar with them all, none seemed to him so much like home, or claimed so large a share of his affections, as Boston. He says, in speaking of it:—

"I have been, from infancy, such a cosmopolite, that I can hardly claim any portion of the United States as home; yet I feel that I owe more to Boston than any other place: more of my professional life has been spent in that city than anywhere, and it is around it that my most grateful recollections cluster. The liberal patronage I have received, and the friendships I have formed there, make the place dear to me. The most liberal patronage I have enjoyed has been,

perhaps, from the Lawrences. I have painted all of them, and many of their children. My full-length portrait of Amos Lawrence I consider the best thing I have ever done in my whole artistic career. I also painted a full-length of Abbott Lawrence.

"I am proud to record my acknowledgment of many kind attentions from this noble race of men. Their character for enterprise and their success are not more remarkable than their noble bequests, as the institutions of the State can attest; while the poor of the city were not overlooked in their bounties. Few men leave a prouder record behind them."

The last winter of my father's life was spent in St. Louis, with his children there. During the winter, he painted a nearly full-length portrait of Major-General Sherman; and the fidelity of the likeness, and the composition and finish of the picture, were pronounced equal to any he had ever painted, at any period of his life. He greatly enjoyed the work himself, and derived great pleasure from his acquaintance with his illustrious countryman, of whom he thus speaks, in a letter to a friend in Canada:—

"I am now painting General Sherman, the real hero of the great war that has ended. He is a sort of Wellington in his appearance, small of stature, but full of character, and every inch a soldier. He has good and elevated notions of things, not only military, but political. It is a pleasure to have such a man

before me, where I can tell him to turn this way or that, and to come at my bidding."

That the pleasure derived from this acquaintance was in some degree mutual may be seen from the following note, written upon receiving the news of my father's death:—

"St. Louis, Mo., April 3, 1866.

"Hon. J. M. Krum.

"Dear Sir,—I have learned, with pain and sorrow, the death of Chester Harding, artist. I shall always remember the many pleasant, quiet interviews with which I was so lately favored by him, while painting my portrait; and beg you will consider me as one of his best friends. . . .

"I beg to assure you of my deep and heart-felt sympathy. Your friend,

"W. T. Sherman,
"*Major-General.*"

My father left St. Louis, in the month of February, for his home in Springfield; but the journey proved a very severe one, and undoubtedly made a serious draught upon the strength of a man of his years. He thus describes it in a letter to one of his children:—

"Springfield, Feb. 27, 1866.

"Dear M., — I am once more at home, after the worst time mortal ever had on the journey. I was snowbound five days, during the coldest weather I ever saw,

and in the poorest house that mortal ever slept in; no fire in my room, and none in the halls, with windows that let the snow drift in. I could only keep from freezing by piling on blankets, my own shawl, and overcoat; and then I could not have my hand exposed outside of the covering: it would have frozen in twenty minutes. I covered myself entirely, and drew myself up, much as you can imagine a bear to do when he is burrowing in midwinter. However, I am now all right. . . . I have a capital likeness of General Sherman, which he sat for in St. Louis. I think you would say at once that it is a capital likeness, without ever having seen the original.

"I think this longer than the average of my letters; so I will conclude, with love to W. and E., and am Yours, affectionately,

"CHESTER HARDING."

After his return to Springfield, he occupied himself with putting the last touches to his picture of Sherman. Had he known it was to be the last work of his hands, he could not have labored on it with more care, or looked upon it with more affection. The pleasure and interest with which he used to pursue his work, in his younger days, seemed to have been aroused once more, as if to vindicate the undying nature of those qualities of mind and heart which constitute the artist. He put the finishing touch to the picture, the day before

he started on his last journey to Boston. Some friend coming in, he playfully pointed out to him a stream of water he had introduced into the back-ground of the picture, saying, "That is a trout-brook; and there," indicating the place with his brush, "is the hole where the big fellows lie."—"You ought to paint yourself there fishing," responded the friend. "No, indeed," he replied; "it wouldn't do for a little fisherman to stand by the side of such a big general."

On March 27, he started for Boston, on his way to Sandwich, on Cape Cod, which was his favorite resort for trout-fishing in the early spring. He was, apparently, in good health and in fine spirits. On his way to the station, he met a friend; and, shaking his rod at him, called out, "Never felt more like it in my life." He took a severe cold on the journey, and did not leave Boston the next day, as he had expected, although he was able to go to his club in the evening. His cold increasing, he was persuaded to send for a physician; but no alarm was felt, either by himself or his attendants, with regard to his illness. When asked if some of his family had not better be notified of his illness, he said, "Oh! no: it is not worth while." He was not

confined to his room until Sunday morning; when, after getting up and dressing himself, a prostration so sudden and complete came over him as to make it a matter of great difficulty to get him on to his bed. From this time he sank rapidly. His mind seemed to sympathize with the weakness of his body; and he made no effort at conversation, and made no sign of having any consciousness of his situation. He breathed his last, April 1, at ten o'clock, Sunday evening, before any of his children, who had been summoned at the appearance of danger, could reach him. His death was such as he had often hoped for, sudden, painless, and before the failure of physical or mental powers.

His decease was announced to the public by the following appreciative notice in the "Evening Transcript" of April 2:—

"We deeply regret to announce the death, at the age of seventy-four, of Chester Harding, the most venerable of American artists, and one of the most eminent and accomplished. He died last evening at his rooms in the Tremont House. Few persons in the country were so widely known, and so generally esteemed. A self-educated artist, who rose from the humblest beginnings to be the companion, as well as painter, of nobles and statesmen, he had that innate gentlemanliness which placed him on an equality with

every circle in which he moved, while he never lost, in conventional society, the vigorous manhood which he had learned in the woods and fields.

"It was impossible to see him without both liking and admiring him: he had in his heart, as well as in his manners, that quality which wins affection at the same time it inspires respect; and his constant regard for the rights and feelings of others was his shield against any invasion of his own. A duke who met him in a drawing-room, a country lad who was his companion in a fishing excursion, would find that his manhood was broad enough for both. He visited England twice; and there was hardly a place in the United States where he was not known. His conversation was rich in recollections of eminent men of all kinds in both hemispheres, while it was absolutely untainted by self-assertion and self-conceit. At one time, we heard of him as painting Daniel Webster, at Washington; and, soon after, that he had started off to the wilds of the West to paint Daniel Boone. One of his last works was an admirable portrait of General Sherman, which many of our readers will remember as among the finest things in the exhibition at the recent artists' reception. He had an instinctive attraction for all manhood, no matter what might be the field in which it was exercised.

"The summers of his later years having been spent in manly field exercises and sports, his old age was so hale and vigorous, that the announcement of his death will strike his friends with surprise as well as pain. Few men could leave behind them a more genial memory, or one which will be more warmly cherished by a large circle of friends."

His remains were taken to Springfield, and placed by the side of his faithful and beloved wife, in the cemetery which he had done much to adorn; and where he had seen gathered, one by one, most of that generation, whose intellectual and social gifts, and friendship for himself, had made the place so attractive to him, when, thirty-six years before, he had selected it for his home.

And now my work would seem to be done; but I cannot lay down my pen without adding a few words to this simple narrative, for those whose interest in it will perhaps exceed that of any of its readers,—my father's grand-children. Most of them have never seen him: none have seen him in the prime of life; and, without some other account than his own of his personal and intellectual traits, they will perhaps hardly appreciate the gifts with which nature endowed him.

His personal appearance was very striking. A friend says of him, "He was the finest specimen of manly beauty I ever saw." In height, he was far above the average, measuring six feet three inches in his stockings; while his frame was so finely proportioned, that his size was not fully appreciated until compared with

that of an average-sized man. His muscular power was prodigious; and I am told by one of his brothers, that, when he was eighteen years old, his feats of strength were the wonder of the neighborhood. While he was helping his father to clear up the land, after moving to Western New York, he, with the help of a friend, also of great size and strength, would themselves drag away and pile up the fallen timber, instead of resorting to the use of oxen, as their fellow-workmen were accustomed to do. In chopping wood, these two could each chop, split, and cord four cords of wood a day, which was just double the amount of an ordinary day's work.

His hands and feet were so large, that he was obliged to import his gloves, and to have his boots made for him. The width between his eyes was such, that an ordinary pair of spectacles would but half cover them. During the later years of his life, he wore a full beard, which, as well as his hair, was almost white, giving him a patriarchal appearance. A few months before his death, he sat to an artist as a model for the head of St. Peter.

There was in his manner, particularly to young people, a heartiness and kindliness which universally attracted them to him; and he pos-

sessed that intuitive perception of other people's tastes and feelings which prevented him from saying or doing any thing that would be disagreeable to them. He was full of humor, and had a thorough appreciation of wit in others.

He had a quick, impulsive nature; and, after once coming to a decision about any course of action, was very eager to carry out his plans. My mother was fond of giving an account of their wedding, as an illustration of this trait.

The wedding day had been fixed for Feb. 15, 1815, and on the preceding day the bride was making her last preparations for the great event. The guests had been invited: the wedding cake was in the oven; and her brother had been despatched to a neighboring town for the white kid gloves and sash. Presently the bridegroom elect drove up to the door in a sleigh, and, after the first salutations had passed, announced that he had come to be married on *that* day; for the snow was melting so fast, that, if they waited twenty-four hours, they could not get back to Caledonia. So they were married the day beforehand. "And," my mother was accustomed to say, "it has been the day beforehand ever since."

He was a good son and brother; and, as soon as his own circumstances warranted it, he not

only extended pecuniary aid to his father and mother, but interested himself in the education of those members of the family younger than himself, whom he endeavored to incite to a desire for intellectual improvement, which he gave them opportunities to attain.

He had a sunny temper, which, combined with his confidence in his own power of overcoming obstacles, made him meet the little irritations of life either with a laugh and jest, or at most with a quick, impatient "pshaw!" which seemed to be all the outlet his disturbed feelings needed. He had quick inventive powers, and the mechanical skill to carry out his ideas: so that he never seemed at fault in any emergency, but always had some way of getting out of every difficulty; which, combined with his uncommon strength, gave those who were dependent upon him an unusual feeling of reliance and trust.

His love for music amounted to a passion; and his correctness of ear was such, that he became an accomplished performer on the clarionet, without knowing how to read a note of music. Any air that he could sing he could play at once upon the piano, without striking a false note; and he whistled finely.

His love of nature was very noticeable; and

he seemed to possess peculiar power over her, by which he could make her subservient to his wishes. Every living thing that his hands touched was sure to flourish; and it used to be a saying in the family, that, if "father were to plant a brick, it would come up a tree." When he was preparing to build his house on Chestnut Street, in Springfield, he wished to make an artificial pond on his grounds. To do this, it was necessary to move some well-grown trees, with trunks as large as a man's leg. It was in the month of August, when, of course, they were in full leaf. He had them carried some feet, re-set them; and, in spite of the prophecies to the contrary, of all his neighbors, they not only lived, but were uninjured by their little midsummer excursion.

Landscape gardening was his delight, and perhaps he did more to give an impulse to the taste which is now so conspicuous in the well-arranged and beautifully adorned grounds about the dwelling-houses in Springfield than any other one person. He was closely associated with the late Rev. Mr. Peabody in laying out the grounds of the beautiful Springfield Cemetery; and the arrangement of the water-works was entirely his own. He spent days there, directing the workmen, and often using the spade

himself. The pines that stand at the entrance, now grown into large trees, he set out with his own hands.

I shall bring these desultory remarks to a close, with extracts from some of the expressions of respect and affection which his death called forth.

One who had known him familiarly for a few years preceding his death thus writes, in a letter of sympathy, to one of his family:—

"Mr. Harding won upon my heart, as I believe he did that of every one, from the first; and he had that rare charm of manner which, while thoroughly dignified, made every one feel at ease: there was no false pretension or hauteur about him. His conversation was always rich and instructive; and, when with him, I invariably heard something which I should have been sorry not to know.

"Moving, as he had familiarly, in the highest circles of rank and talent, he was singularly modest; and he seldom mentioned the distinguished people he had known, unless directly asked about them. He never coupled a duke and a dinner, nor prefaced a story with, 'When I was abroad with the Princess Orbitella.' . . .

"His host of friends will bear a life-long testimony to his virtues and accomplishments. These attributes

'Shall long keep his memory green in our souls,'

while his many masterly portraits will perpetuate his name in American art."

Mr. Willis, in "The Home Journal," thus alludes to the impression my father made during his first visit to England: —

"Years afterward, I became a guest at Gordon Castle; and there, strangely enough, my best authority with the Duchess of Gordon, and the brilliant ladies who formed the court around her, was my assured intimacy with Harding the artist. Her ladyship's first question was of the 'prairie nobleman,' as they described this Western artist; and whom they considered a splendid specimen of a most gifted man."

The "Boston Post" says: —

"He ranked with the representative painters of America, and in him American art was made honorable at home and respectable abroad. When most who are now turned of ripe age were children, Harding was engaged in painting on durable canvas hosts of private men of worth, and an illustrious band of the public men associated in public life at Washington and elsewhere. If from the artist we turn to the man, we shall find enough to justify abundantly the strong hold he had upon private affection and individual esteem. He was a man every way free of reproach, and in all respects entitled to esteem, and fitted to inspire love. He was the father of a numerous family, now grown to manhood and womanhood, and settled successfully in various parts of the country. To them this blow will come with stunning effect. But his title to love and veneration were not limited to

his relatives and his family. All who knew him loved him. He was of kindly, social feeling, and, for one of his years, convivial and jovial. He was ever young in his feelings, and fresh in his views, and liberal in his opinions. Age rested gracefully upon him. His flowing white locks added a venerable aspect to his portly and commanding presence. He was not a professed scholar, nor a great reader beyond his art, or even in that; for he believed in the inspiration of artistic genius, rather than the studies of the closet. Although master of the great principles of his art, he needed only the human face divine and the pencil of his own genius to give life to the moving canvas. Hence he belongs to the order of original artists. He copied no man, and he flattered no man. He aimed in the practice of his art to be truthful, accurate, and just."

From the "Springfield Republican:"—

"As a portrait-painter, he was one of the first in point of excellence that America has ever produced; and, in his time, he was the first, without dispute. . . . Nor had age dimmed his power, though it had tempered his ambition, and checked his industry: he, only last week, gave the finishing touches to a remarkable likeness of General Sherman, which he began in St. Louis, during the past season, from pure enthusiasm for the soldier and the man. It is among the finest of his works, and can hardly be excelled by any other likeness for spirit and fidelity. . . . Springfield knew him longest, loved him best; and she is proud that, since death must come to him, his ashes are to repose in her bosom."

At a meeting of the artists of Boston, to take notice of the death of Chester Harding, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

"*Resolved*, That we lament the loss of our brother artist, Chester Harding, who, for more than thirty years, has been to the elder of us a genial companion, and noble and generous rival; to the younger, a sympathizing friend and a worthy example; to the community in which he lived, an esteemed citizen; an exemplary husband and father: who has furnished to posterity, by his graphic and prolific pencil, representations of men of the day, and illustrations of contemporary history, which only posterity can properly value, but which have already placed him high in the ranks of American art.

"*Resolved*, That we shall cherish the memory of his manly presence, and his generous and estimable qualities of head and heart.

"*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in their bereavement.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published."

THE END.

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